



No. 266.—Vol. XXI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MR. GERALD BALFOUR, THE LATEST HERO OF IRISH SELF-GOVERNMENT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

"THE WHITE KNIGHT," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

It is supposed that the public takes an interest in the inside life of company swindles which from time to time startle the world. So the Electric White Lead Company, Limited, may be looked upon as hero of Mr. Ogilvie's new piece. The company is the outcome of twenty years' work by Edward Pennyquick, inventor of a new process, and of Mr. Harry Rook, an impudent promoter as stupid as he is dishonest. Seeing that the new process is more costly than the old, and does not produce better stuff, the failure of the company is merely a matter of time, and it is not surprising that the shareholders refuse to find money to work an improvement patent which really has value, so a winding-up seems inevitable, and one of the two meetings necessary for passing the resolutions is held. Before the day for the confirmatory meeting, a Scotch financier named McBrane examines the improvement process, finds that it is really sound, and purchases the foreign rights for fifty thousand pounds. This sum, I presume, is employed by Pennyquick in putting the company on its legs again.

This statement seems rather like a financial report than the sketch of a play, so one must hasten to say that Pennyquick has a sweetheart



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. David Allen and Sons, Limited.

named Kate Praed and an adopted daughter called Guilietta Guaraschino, who has fallen into the clutches of Rook, for whose convenience she steals the jewellery of Kate. This theft very nearly ruins the love affairs of Kate and Edward, seeing that when Edward, in order to shield Guilietta, says that he gave the jewels to her, Kate believes his pious fraud, and is thoroughly indignant. However, the adopted daughter has decency enough to tell the truth and prevent such a cruel misunderstanding from enduring. What becomes of Guilietta is not known, but Mr. Rook, who was not clever enough to feather his nest while the company's shares were at a premium, becomes bankrupt, and anticipates that his discharge will be suspended for three years.

Whether the general public will imitate the first-night audience, and take a fancy to "The White Knight," it is hard to say. Cleverer plays than this dealing with finance, such as "The Henrietta," have wooed in vain, but at the moment company matters are much in the public mind. Moreover, the comic scenes were heartily received, and the house roared with laughter at the humours of the "gamey" grouse and the Barmecide lunch. Some excellent performances are given in the piece. Mr. Edward Terry as Pennyquick acted most effectively in his peculiar, interesting style. Miss Kate Rorke was charming as Kate Praed, and a remarkably clever piece of acting was given by Miss Esmé Beringer in the part of Guilietta. Praise also is due to Miss Mary Rorke, Mr. A. E. George, and Mr. Stuart Champion.

THE CENTENARY OF '98.

MR. GERALD BALFOUR'S BLOODLESS REVOLUTION.

On a memorable afternoon in 1886, during Lord Randolph Churchill's too brief leadership of the House of Commons, that astute and brilliant politician rose from the Treasury Bench, while the Nationalists were discussing Irish local affairs, and startled older Tories by an announcement which became celebrated. Lord Randolph promised that, when local government was extended in Great Britain, Ireland would be treated with "similarity, simultaneity, and equality." Six years passed, and in 1892 Mr. Arthur Balfour, on the eve of a General Election, produced, in a cynically indifferent manner, an Irish Local Government Bill full of irritating "safeguards." "Take it or leave it," Mr. Balfour said, in almost so many words, and he could not have been surprised when the Irish Nationalists rejected his scheme with scorn. Nor did he make any pretence of sorrow.

The scene has changed again. Other six years have passed; another Unionist Government is in power, leavened with old Liberals, and another Balfour has produced another Irish Bill. The new Bill is conceived in an entirely different spirit from that of 1892. Distrust of the Irish has been replaced by trust equal to that confided in the English. Mr. Arthur Balfour smiled with perfect good-humour while his younger brother, who is fighting Home Rule with "kindness" at the Irish Office, repudiated the irritating safeguards of his own Bill of 1892. There was no lukewarmness in Mr. Gerald Balfour's manner. His speech was a marvel, as Mr. Morley said, of "lucidity and concision" (not "precision," as the *Times* reported), and it was earnest enough to show that he had his heart in the work.

Without firing a shot, the celebrators of the rebellion of '98 have obtained a victory which could not have been won on the hillsides. The new Bill effects a complete revolution in Irish affairs. Local government is transferred from the predominant control of the gentry and their agents to the common people. New popularly elected bodies are set up, and old grievances, exposed one by one on many a Session, are removed in a heap. To quote Mr. Healy's metaphor, the Bill is as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It sets up a system of local administration substantially similar to that of England, based on the same broad, democratic foundation.

At the Spring Assizes of 1899 the Grand Juries will meet for the transaction of fiscal and administrative business for the last time. With them will fall the present system of government by nominated bodies. Thenceforth the local administration of Ireland will be entrusted to County Councils, District Councils, and Boards of Guardians. The franchise for the election of these local rulers will be in every case the Parliamentary franchise, with the addition of peers and women. That is to say that practically every man or woman who is a householder or a lodger can have a voice in local government. There is to be only one disqualification which does not exist in England—"ministers of religion" are not to sit on the County or District Council. Their presence, in Mr. Balfour's opinion, would not tend to the smooth working of the new institutions.

The County Councils will take over the fiscal and administrative duties of the Grand Juries and other nominated bodies. Even the lunatic asylums are transferred to their charge from the present Board of Control. They will also be the sole rate-collecting authority in rural districts. A delicate question in Ireland is that which concerns compensation for malicious injuries. The duty of awarding compensation is to be taken from the Grand Jury. It is to be transferred, however, not to the County Council, but to the County Court. In England the County Council consists partly of elected Councillors and partly of Aldermen chosen by them. The Aldermanic element is not to be introduced into the Irish system, but the chairman of every Rural District Council will be an additional member of the County Council. The Rural Councils are to take over the powers of what are called the Baronial Presentment Sessions—the bodies which "present" road contracts, &c.—and also the powers of the sanitary authorities. As road authorities they will be subordinate to the County Council.

Then there is the case of the urban districts. Six cities and towns will be constituted counties in themselves or county boroughs. These are Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Londonderry, and Waterford. In the case of other towns, there will be the Urban District Council. It will have the powers of the existing local bodies, and will in future be the road authority for the district. It will also have the duty of levying and collecting rates.

Scarcely a Session for many years has passed without a Wednesday being devoted to complaints against the Boards of Guardians. These complaints will no longer be justified. Henceforth there are to be no *ex officio* Guardians; all are to be elected. Dispensary Committees will also be abolished, their functions being transferred to the Guardians. In certain cases the Board of Guardians will be the Rural District Council under another name.

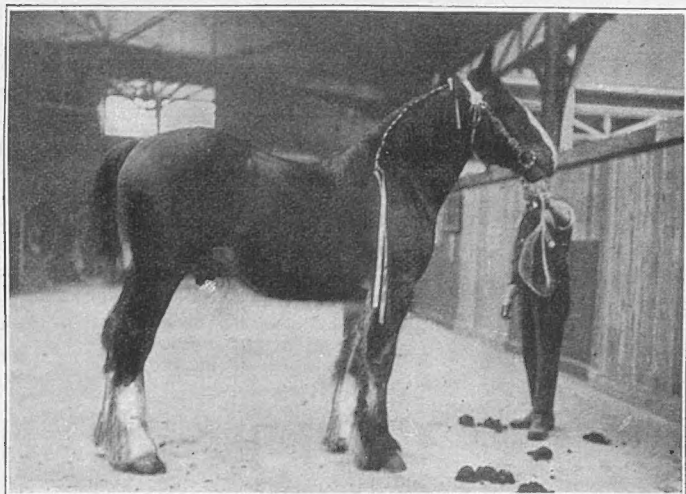
The Government seek to win the assent of the landlords to this revolution by means of a financial bribe. They propose to pay out of the Imperial Exchequer a sum equal to one-half of the county cess and one-half of the poor-rate on agricultural land. It is anticipated that the grant will amount to about £730,000 annually. The benefit of this contribution as regards the poor-rate will go to the owner. Incidentally, the occupier gets relief as regards county cess, while the landlord's sovereignty in local affairs is bought out with the lion's share of the £730,000. This process, according to Mr. Davitt, would be called "boodling" in America. In England it is compromise.

FIRST-PRIZE SHIRE HORSES AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

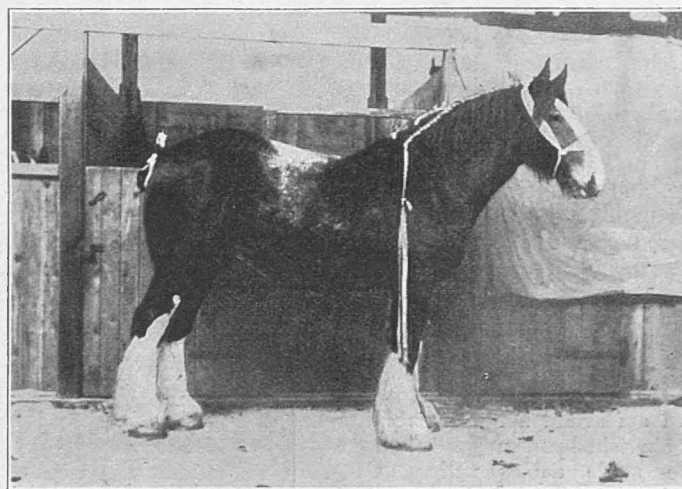
THE JUDGING OF THE STALWART SHIRES.

The season of the horse shows is on us—first the Shires, then the hackneys, and, last of all, the hunters. Thus, Islington has been invaded with its yearly army of legged lords and lackeys from the country, with high collars and jewelled stocks, riding-canes and low billycocks.

horse, namely, Mr. A. H. Clark, of Moulton; Mr. T. B. Freshney, of Louth; and Mr. William Richardson, of Chatteris. The first two are well-known breeders of Shire horses. The list of exhibitors included Lord Bradford, Lord Camperdown, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Llangattock,



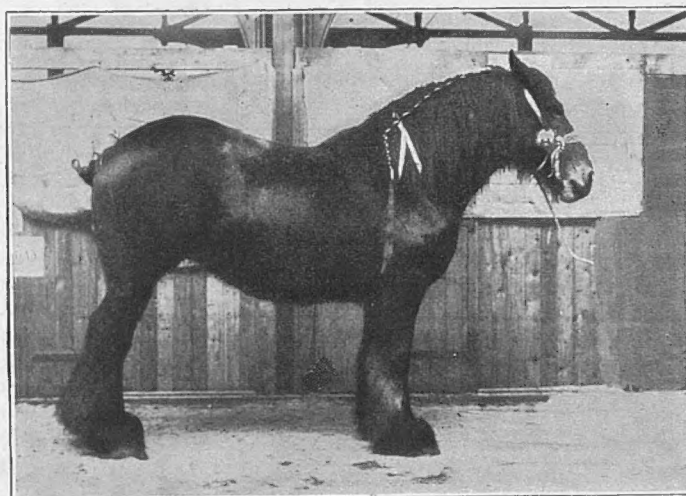
COLT: MR. E. GREEN'S "MOOR'S REGENT."



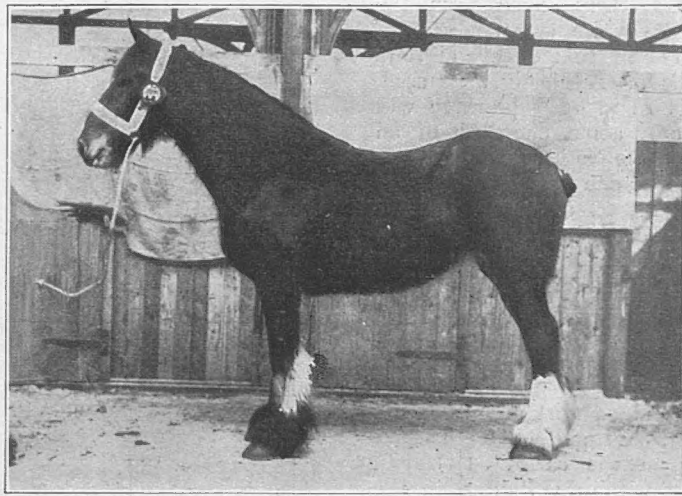
TWO-YEAR-OLD MARE: CAPTAIN DUNCOMBE'S "BORO' ROYAL."

They bring the touch of the stable to Islington, and the stable stands for the healthy Englishman. This year the entries were not quite so numerous as in previous years, but, so far as quality was concerned, it was quite equal to, if not in advance of, previous years. There were five

Lord Middleton, Lord Hothfield, Lord Rothschild, Lord Savile, Lord Verulam, Lord Wantage, Lord Sandwich, Lord Galway, Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., Sir Walter Gilbey, Sir James Blyth, Sir John Blundell Maple, Mr. John Parnell, and Sir Henry Ewart. It was gratifying to



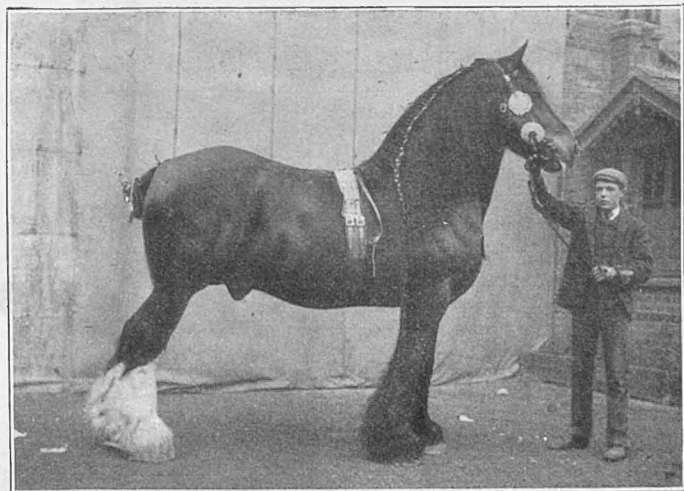
CHAMPION MARE IN THE SHOW: MR. A. HENDERSON'S "AUREA."



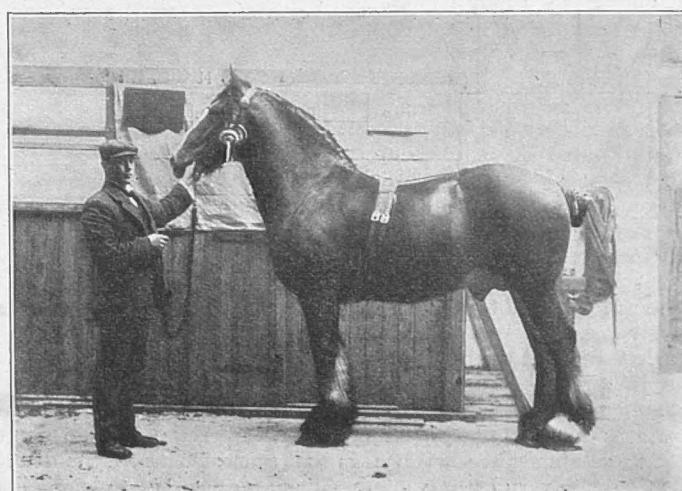
BEST THREE-YEAR-OLD MARE: MR. A. HENDERSON'S "LOCKINGE LOIRET."

hundred and twenty-six entries—a decrease of twenty-seven from last year, but this may be accounted for by the fact that the standard of excellence has been slowly but surely rising. The judges this year all came from the Eastern counties, the home of the Shire

see the names of well-known farmers as exhibitors. For there is money in the breeding of heavy draught-horses, and the fact that the farmers themselves are taking the business up in a proper fashion, by getting hold of the best blood available, shows that they are alive to the situation.



BEST AGED STALLION: MR. A. HENDERSON'S "MARKEATON ROYAL HAROLD."



BEST TWO-YEAR-OLD STALLION: MR. A. HENDERSON'S "BUSCOT HAROLD."

THE CRUSADE AGAINST "MURDEROUS MILLINERY."

A CHAT WITH MR. SYDNEY BUXTON.

Mr. Sydney Buxton is an authority on Colonial questions. At the early age of twenty-three he became a member of the London School Board, and has ever since been engaged in public work. Several political handbooks attest the variety of his occupations. It is natural that a bearer of the honoured name of Buxton should be a member, as he is, of the Council of the Anti-Slavery Society, and it is greatly to his credit that, in addition to more notable duties, he has undertaken, as a Vice-President of the Society for the Protection of Birds, to conduct a crusade against the fashionable use of the "osprey" plumes. This "murderous millinery" has taken so tight a hold of society that courage is required on the part of any public man who raises war against it. Mr. Buxton has always been interested in natural history, and especially in birds. Although disclaiming any expert knowledge, and professing merely to be a lover of birds, his fondness for the feathered creatures has led him, while going about in the country or travelling in foreign lands, to study them with an observant eye.

"Ouida" has written a characteristic letter on the wearing of osprey plumes to the dames of the Primrose League. I am afraid her references to those "cherished personages" with whom the noble dames "dine at Balmoral, lunch at Sandringham, and catch cold at Windsor" will detract from the effect of her rhetoric. In a more matter-of-fact appeal which he has just issued, Mr. Buxton points out that the demand for the osprey-plumes is rapidly leading to the extermination of the beautiful bird. These plumes, or aigrettes, are made from the feathers taken from the back of the white egret, a sort of heron. For the sake of each aigrette many birds are ruthlessly massacred. A single bird in good plumage will produce only about one-sixth of an ounce of plume feathers, whereas at a single sale by one firm last April no less than 11,352 ounces of osprey-plumes were offered. Great destruction has been already wrought among the egrets in Florida, and it is stated that similar slaughter is taking place elsewhere.

In view of facts so distressing to those who seek, in Ruskin's words, "to save and comfort all gentle life and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth," I had a short chat with Mr. Buxton in the Members' Lobby of the House of Commons. He was willing to discuss the subject quite readily and heartily, being only too glad, as he said, to encourage any interest in it.

"For several years," he said, "we have been making more and more strenuous efforts to attract public attention. We believe it is entirely due to ignorance that those herons are getting exterminated. If people knew what it cost to procure the plumes there would be less inclination to wear them."

"Do you think they are still as fashionable as ever?" I asked.

"The movement has had some effect," replied Mr. Buxton. "This year, so far as I can judge, there are fewer aigrettes worn. Their place has been taken by ostrich-feathers, to which we have no objection, and by ribbons, laces, and so forth."

"And, being very fashionable in the highest quarters, I suppose they are very expensive?"

"The finest, no doubt, are expensive, but the commoner sorts are comparatively cheap."

"But what we want to emphasise," Mr. Buxton went on to say, "is that ladies are misled. They are perpetually being informed that the feathers supplied to them are what are called artificial feathers. 'Artificial feathers' means feathers made out of other material; but we don't believe that these plumes are artificial in that sense. There is no doubt that the feathers are very largely manipulated in order that they may be made still prettier and more effective. That is probably what the milliners have in their mind; when they talk of 'artificial,' they really mean

manipulated. The pretence about the plumes being artificial is really intended to salve the consciences of customers." On this point Sir William Flower, director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, has described the assertion that such feathers are manufactured as a monstrous fiction. He examined numbers of plumes, the wearers of which had been assured that they had been manufactured, and in every case he ascertained that they were unquestionably genuine egret feathers.

"What," I asked, "is the special cruelty in this case?"

"Cruelty," said Mr. Buxton, "lies chiefly in the fact that the feathers grow at the time when the egrets are nesting and breeding. The best plumes are taken from the upward tuft at the back, which is developed at the breeding season, though feathers are, of course, taken also from the wing and the breast. They are common to both sexes, and it is impossible to distinguish between the male and the female. An egret is shot, the few coveted feathers are torn from its back, its body is left to rot on the ground, and the young ones perish of starvation. It is quite

true, as people in the *Times* point out, that these feathers are to be found at other seasons. No doubt they are not cast for some months; but the point really is that at the breeding time the herons congregate together, and people can get at them and kill them much more easily. Moreover, at that season the plumes are found to be best."

"Are the birds shot entirely for the feathers?"

"Oh yes—entirely! I do not mean that occasionally a sportsman may not shoot an individual bird, but nobody would really shoot them for pleasure; they are not a sporting bird."

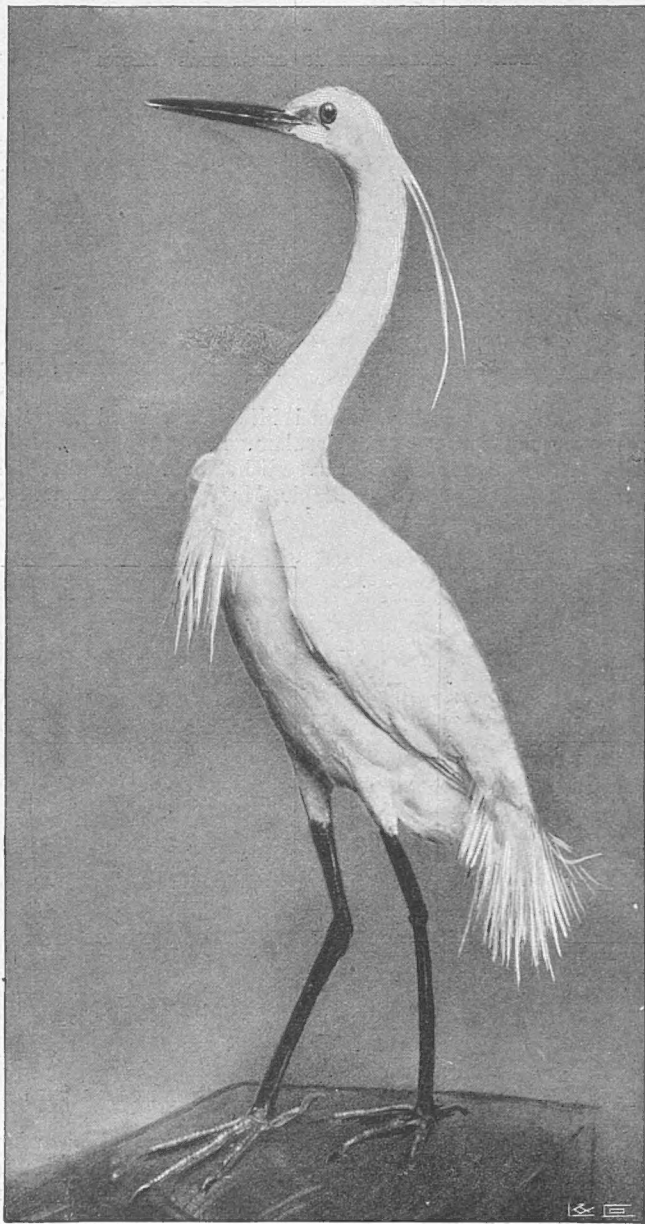
"Where are the egrets commonly found?"

"They are found in Egypt and India, but more particularly in South America. I have seen large numbers in the Argentine. They are found also in North America, but are rapidly disappearing there, because they can be got at so easily."

"There is another point," said Mr. Buxton, as I was coming away, "to which I should like you to draw attention. That is that the officers of certain regiments (the Horse Artillery, the King's Royal Rifles, the Rifle Brigade, and the Hussars) are required by regulation to wear egret and heron plumes in their busbies." On this subject Mr. Buxton spoke with natural indignation. Spectators lounging in the Lobby might have imagined he was discussing some exciting question affecting the Colonial Office, with which he was connected in the late Liberal Government. "It seems to me a scandal," he said, "that officers should be forced to wear such plumes. In the first place, they are expensive as an ornament, and, in the second place, this practice encourages their use by other people. The officers concerned don't wear the plumes from vanity; they have really no option in the matter. Representations have been made on the subject to the War Office, and possibly the regulation will be altered."

But in any event, as Mr. Buxton pointed out, the action of the War Office does not exonerate from blame these women who, of their own initiative, wear feathers purchased with so much cruelty.

There are few men in the House of Commons better fitted than Mr. Buxton to inculcate such views. He is personally esteemed by members on both sides, and knows everyone, and, although a loyal member of the Liberal Party, he never displays party rancour. Perhaps on no subject does he hold stronger sentiments—sentiments which do him honour—than on the treatment of natives in our Crown Colonies and Protectorates. His position in the House was shown by the fact of his being chosen to serve on the influential Committee which inquired into the Transvaal Raid, and, having been Under-Secretary for the Colonies in the late Government, it frequently falls to his lot to speak for his party in criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Mr. Buxton springs on both sides from distinguished families. He is a grandson of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, who did so much for the abolition of slavery and the reform of the Penal Code. His father also sat for a considerable time in Parliament. His mother was a daughter of the late Sir Henry Holland, Physician to the Queen.



THE LITTLE EGRET, WHO IS MURDERED TO SATISFY WOMAN'S VANITY.

Reproduced by permission from a Specimen in the South Kensington Museum.



MISS MAY HARVEY IN "A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

M. ZOLA'S NOVELS.

M. ZOLA'S New Book, **PARIS**, translated by E. A. Vizetelly, is now ready at all Booksellers'. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Also, uniform in size and price—

THE DOWNFALL.
THE DREAM.
DR. PASCAL.

MONEY.
FAT AND THIN.
HIS EXCELLENCY.

THE DRAM SHOP.
LOURDES.
ROME.

WAS SHE JUSTIFIED? by FRANK BARRETT, is now Ready at all Booksellers'. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

TALES OF TRAIL AND TOWN, by BRET HARTE, with a Frontispiece by Jacomb-Hood, is now ready at all Booksellers'. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THROUGH THE GOLD-FIELDS OF ALASKA TO BERING STRAITS. By HARRY DE WINDT. With Map and 33 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s.

"The story of his rescue at half-past the eleventh hour by a belated whaler is one of the most dramatic and thrilling bits of romance in real life I have read for some time."—*PALL MALL GAZETTE*.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON III. By ARCHIBALD FORBES. With 37 full-page Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s.

"Adds to the accuracy of an historical annal the charm of romance. . . . The story of the campaign is a brilliant piece of writing. It carries the reader breathless to the closing scene at Chislehurst."—*PUNCH*.

RECORDS OF OLD TIMES: Historical, Social, Political, Sporting, and Agricultural. By J. K. FOWLER ("Ru ticus"). Demy 8vo, cloth, with Nine Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

A WOMAN TEMPTED HIM. By WILLIAM WESTALL. Author of "With the Red Eagle," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"As a story of domestic intrigue and financial vicissitude it is skilfully planned and alluringly unrolled."—*DAILY MAIL*.

THE DISASTER. By PAUL and VICTOR MARGUERITE. Translated by Frederic Lecs. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A strong, a remarkable book."—*SPEAKER*.

TRUE BLUE; or, The Lass that Loved a Sailor. By HERBERT RUSSELL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MISS BALMAINE'S PAST. By B. M. CROKER, Author of "Beyond the Pale," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"An attractive love-story, crisply written, and overflowing with dialogue. . . . Sure to prove acceptable to novel-readers."—*LEEDS MERCURY*.

TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY. Author of "This Little World." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

WALFORD'S COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM (1898). Containing Notices of the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of more than 12,000 distinguished Heads of Families, their Heirs Apparent or Presumptive, the offices they hold or have held, their Town and Country Addresses, Clubs, &c. Royal 8vo, cloth gilt, 50s.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

J. W. ARROWSMITH'S LIST.

THE WAR OF THE WENUSES. By C. L. GRAVES and E. V. LUCAS. Being Vol. LXXVIII of Arrowsmith's Bristol Library. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

LORD DULLBOROUGH. By Hon. STUART ERSKINE. Being Vol. XXX of Arrowsmith's 3s. 6d. Series. Crown 8vo, cloth, 224 pages. "An exceedingly clever skit, smartly written."—*MANCHESTER COURIER*.

A DAUGHTER OF ASTREA. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. Being Vol. LXXVII of Arrowsmith's Bristol Library. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

PEPITA OF THE PAGODA. By TIGHE HOPKINS. Being Vol. LXXV of Arrowsmith's Bristol Library. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. "Mr. Hopkins' delicious story."—*THE SKETCH*.

DUST O'GLAMOUR. By H. S. WARWICK. Crown 8vo, cloth, 340 pages, 3s. 6d. "Is a fascinating work, and proves that Mr. Warwick possesses remarkable talent."—*WESTMINSTER REVIEW*.

Bristol: J. W. ARROWSMITH. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL and CO., Limited.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per Annum can be entered at any date.

The Best and most Popular Books of the Season are now in Circulation. Prospectuses of Terms Free on Application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT:

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always on Sale (Secondhand). Also a Large Selection of Books in Leather Bindings suitable for Birthday and Wedding Presents.

BOOKS EXPORTED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY,

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET; 241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and at 10-12, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

Eighth Edition, Revised. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s.

THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).

By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R.Coll.Phys., Lond., &c.

CONTENTS: Part I.—What Constitutes Robust Health? Dangerous Conditions due to Corpulency; Weak Heart and Congestive Diseases of the Corpulent—Diet: the only Safe and Permanent Cure—Diet: Safe at any Age—Quack Medicines, Drugs and Purgatives, permanently injurious or Fatal for this Purpose—Foods of Energy, and of Heat: their Use and ultimate Elimination—Errors of Diet: Evils consequent on Food in its Relation to Work—Stimulants and Liquids in Obesity. Part II.—Dietetics of Obesity.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"This work deserves careful study."—*QUEEN*. "The only safe and permanent cure of obesity."—*WESTERN GAZETTE*. "This is the very best book on corpulency that has ever been written."—*LADY*.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

MACAIRE-ISMS.

Mr. Heinemann's eighteenpenny reprint of Henley and Stevenson's melodramatic farce "Macaire" will be welcomed by everybody who has an ear for the cadences of rare prose and an appreciation for the humours of blackguardism in which these collaborateurs delighted. The play is full of good things, and many of Macaire's speeches the things to "dig your teeth into" and revel in, such as poor Mr. Teller, the out-of-date tragedian of "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" longed for in vain. In fact, Macaire-isms may yet rank with Wellerisms. Here are some of them—

What's crime? Discovery. Virtue? Opportunity. Politics? A pretext. Affection? An affectation. Morality? An affair of latitude. Property? Plunder. . . . What is care? Impiety. Joy? The whole duty of man. . . . Gold: what is gold? The world, the term of ills; the empery of all; the multitudinous babble of the 'change, the sailing from all ports of freighted argosies; music, wine, a palace; the doors of the bright theatre, the key of consciences, and love—love's whistle. . . . Would you have me define honesty? The strategic point for theft. . . . With honesty for my spring-board, I leap through history like a paper hoop, and come out among posterity heroic and immortal.

"Death—what is death?" Macaire cannot answer that, for he dies as the curtain falls. Mr. Heinemann has also published "The Princess and the Butterfly," by far the longest play Mr. Pinero has done. It reads admirably. Mr. Heinemann's own play, "Summer Moths," is published by Mr. John Lane. It is grim tragedy of modern life, realistically conceived and conscientiously worked out in four acts.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

THE LITTLE MINISTER, by J. M. Barrie.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2. Box Office open 10 to 10. Seats booked from 2s. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER,

Sole Lessee and Manager.

EVERY EVENING at 8, Shakespeare's Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2. Box Office 10 to 10.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, NEW BALLET,

THE PRESS, and SPORTING SKETCH, THE RACE.

GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open at 7.45.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—The Mentone of England, adjoining St. Leonards. THE SACKVILLE HOTEL, an ideal winter and spring residence, combining the latest improvements and attractions at moderate prices. Special inclusive terms till Easter. For tariff, &c., apply to Manager.

OLYMPIA.

BARNUM AND BAILEY.

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

LAST FIVE WEEKS.

Positively Closing the London Engagement on Saturday, April 2.

Touring the Provinces on Seventy American Railway Cars, and Exhibiting the Undivided Show under Twelve Mammoth Canvas Pavilions, Seating nearly 15,000 Persons.

Three Circus Companies in Three Rings.
Two Olympian Stages, One Huge Race-Track.
Two Complete Menageries, Three Herds of Elephants.
Museum of Living Freaks and Curiosities.
Twenty Funniest Clowns on Earth.
Seventy Ho ses Performing in One Ring.
Four Hundred Horses, Two Drovers of Camels, Hosts of Queer Animals.
One-thousand-and-One Marvellous Sights and Wonderful Objects.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS DAILY,

At 2 and 8 p.m.

Doors open at 12.30 and 6.30.

Early Gates open (Hammersmith Road) at 12 noon and 6 p.m. for 3s. seats and upwards. Early Entrance Fee 6d. extra.

Owing to the stupendously large show and the general magnitude of the Exhibitions, necessitating great preparations, the Menageries, Freak and Horse Fair Departments can only be open from 12 to 4.15 p.m. and from 6 to 10.30 p.m.

No Promenade tickets sold. Every ticket entitling holder to a reserved numbered seat, and admitting to all advertised departments without extra charge.

Prices—Amphitheatre, 1s. and 2s.; Arena Seats, 2s., 3s., and 4s.; Balcony Seats, 3s.; Stalls, 5s., 7s. 6d.; Private Boxes (5 and 6 seats), £3 3s.; Single Box Seats, 10s. 6d.; special prices for Royal Box when not engaged.

Children between four and ten years of age half-price to all except 1s. and 2s. seats.

Box Office open from 9 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

1s. and 2s. seats on sale only after doors open. All other seats may be booked in advance at Box Office and at usual Libraries.

NEW SERIES. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE ARGOSY for MARCH contains—

COLONEL FANE'S SECRET. By Sydney Hodges. Chaps. X.-XII.—BOOKSELLERS AND LITERATURE. By G. Stanley Ellis.—TITIAN VERCELLI.—MY HEART'S HAVEN. By Alice Mackay.—MRS. RASHLEIGH'S MISTAKE. By Lady Virginia Sandars.—BY MISTAKE. By C. E. Meekkerke.—IN THE NIGHT-WATCHES. By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S.—LAME LIZBETH. By T. W. Speight.—THE PROPHECY OF MUSIC. By P. W. Roose.—A DISCONSOLATE DRAGON.—OUT OF SEASON.—ANNO DOMINI. By F. Rochat. &c., &c., &c.

Profusely and Beautifully Illustrated.

London: R. BENTLEY and SON, 8, New Burlington Street, W.

SMALL TALK.

Whatever his guilt—if any—Zola must be regarded by all honest folk as a martyr, in view of the injustice meted out to him at the "trial." At the beginning of this trial it was said that M. Zola received upwards of two thousand telegrams a day, the larger part of which came from England. Maître Labori le laborieux did not make much of this phase of international comity in his numerous addresses to the jury and the audience, but this reticence was, no doubt, commendable, for the support of perfidious Albion would have done him little service with the jury. By the way, no French paper has alleged that we had anything to do with the incriminating document, as none has dared to hint that Russia was really the nation implicated.

Ever since Macaulay and Lord Tennyson insisted, with perhaps undue emphasis, that Jane Austen was second only to Shakspeare, there has undoubtedly been a vogue given to that great woman's work. Now an appeal is made through the *Times*, signed by Lord Northbrook, Lord Selborne, and others, for some further recognition of Jane Austen's genius by a subscription for a stained-glass window in Winchester Cathedral. For this purpose, we are told, contributions not exceeding five guineas may be paid to Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet Street, London. In this connection I recall a visit I paid some two years ago to Winchester Cathedral to see the tomb of Jane Austen. Having signed my name in the visitors' book and paid the small coin demanded by the Cathedral official, I naturally expected that he would be able to inform me of the whereabouts of Jane Austen's tomb in the magnificent building, but he speedily disillusioned me by saying he had never heard

of any such tomb, and did not think there was one in the Cathedral. Of course, a walk round the church showed me not only the slab under which rest the great novelist's remains, but also the brass tablet in the wall near by, which was erected by her nephew and biographer, Austen Leigh, in 1870. The proposed stained-glass window is, no doubt, another and an equally pleasant tribute to the memory of the author of "Northanger Abbey" and "Pride and Prejudice"; but there are many famous people whose tombs are even now less satisfactorily commemorated than that of Jane Austen. Both the slab in the floor and the tablet, as will be seen from the accompanying picture, are in an excellent state of preservation.

By the way, in a little volume just published by Simpkin and Marshall on "Hindhead, or the English Switzerland," by Thomas Wright of Cowper and Olney fame, there is an interesting chapter upon Chawton, for long the home of Jane Austen. The house where she lived from 1809 till her death, in 1817, was known as Chawton Cottage, and it still stands, part of it now being used as a labourers' club. Several of our well-known men of letters have visited this cottage, so reminiscent of our greatest woman-novelist, and the impression it must have left on their minds has, no doubt, been one of satisfaction that they were born in a later age. Chawton Cottage impresses one with the fact that Jane Austen, during the years that she was publishing that fiction which so excited the enthusiasm of Scott, Macaulay, and of Tennyson, was in most penurious circumstances.

Writing of the attempt to commemorate one great writer of fiction recalls to me another. Stepping aside from the Strand the other day, to see the tomb of Goldsmith in the Temple Churchyard, I was pleased to note that some hero-worshiper's hand had placed thereon a bunch of violets.



THE MODERN MARTYR, MONSIEUR ZOLA.

Photo by Russe'l, Baker Street, W.



JANE AUSTEN'S TOMB IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

This post-card, printed in Hanau, is a typical German solution of the Eastern difficulty. Its motto, "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!" is good. But the desire and the deed are very different things.



THE CHINESE DIFFICULTY, AS SOLVED ON A GERMAN POST-CARD.

A young Edinburgh man, Alexander McDonald by name, member of a firm of electrical engineers in the northern capital, went out to Klondyke in the end of August last year in order to test an invention of his for the precipitation of gold from the quartz. In an Indian village on the Stikine River, off the beaten path, he made a discovery which implies that there may be something, after all, in the trite saying that, when the North Pole is reached, a Scotchman is certain to be found in that region. Mr. McDonald discovered, at any rate, that the island, which still bears its old Indian name Met-la-kat-la, was ruled by a Scot, who was known by the appellation of King Duncan. As to the exact district of the northern kingdom the chief hailed from, Mr. McDonald is not quite sure, but he shrewdly opines that he is an Aberdonian. King Duncan, he tells us, is the veritable patriarch of his people, the Siwash Indians, who number three or four hundred, and he rules them with a firm hand which has won their respect. He had been originally a missionary, it seems, and has been in the island for over a score of years. King Duncan, Mr. McDonald avers, does not permit his people, who live mainly by fishing and hunting, either to drink or smoke. Of late, Met-la-kat-la has been "humming" a bit, steamers calling and doing business with the Indians; but King Duncan is no friend of the innovators, and has succeeded in chasing from the island several gold-prospectors who tried to effect a footing in it.

Mr. McDonald has registered several claims in the Cassiar district, where he had worked for ten days testing his gold precipitation theory. In that time he precipitated thirty pounds (troy) of gold, and estimated that he could take out of each ton of quartz dealt with from fifty to one hundred dollars' worth of gold. Mr. McDonald is of opinion that the gold at Klondyke has not been brought down by the streams, as, the gold at the mouth of the Yukon being surface gold, is generally assumed.

Not much to look at, perhaps, from the outside, but, for all that, a veritable treasure-house of wonderful things gathered together from all parts of the world is Horniman's Museum, at Forest Hill—conveniently situated, by-the-bye, in the main road half-way between the railway



HORNIMAN'S MUSEUM AT FOREST HILL.

Photo by J. Hartley Knight.

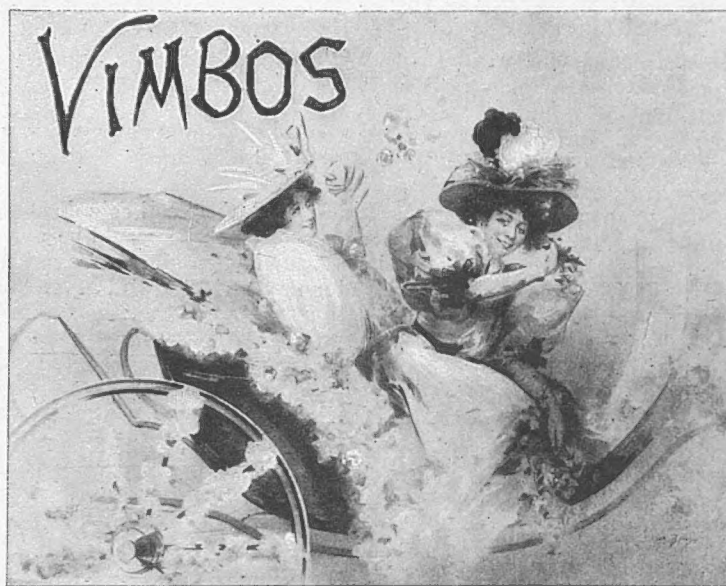
station at Forest Hill and that at Lordship Lane. The museum was established some few years back by Mr. W. Horniman, M.P., and has been a never-failing source of attraction locally; but it has long been felt that the building which housed so priceless a collection of curios was

all too small for the purpose, and so the museum has been closed for rebuilding. The closing was marked by the holding of an all-day fête, held in the spacious and beautiful grounds at the rear of the building, at which there was music, a firework display, and some orating.

Last week the Prince of Wales was in Brighton, looking as though life agreed with him. He was paying a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, and when the visitors learned that he was in the town they were very eager to see him. I saw quite a crowd round Mrs. Sassoon's pretty house. No doubt, they would have succeeded in their quest had the Prince come down in state or driven along the Front in a carriage-and-four; but, as he preferred his usual modest methods, he was enabled to walk with the Duke of Fife along the Front as far as the remains of the old pier without suffering too much from the loyalty of his faithful subjects. Going towards the pier, the first corner house after the one belonging to the Sassoons is occupied by Mrs. Barnato, and the next corner house by Miss Corelli, who is rapidly recovering from her recent severe operation.

Mr. Allen Upward regards Camberwell as "the prettiest village in England." "There is the far-famed Grove," he writes to the *Rambler*, "haunted by the song of sparrows, . . . and there are lanes wherein lovers wander on the Sabbath eventide and listen to the softly chiming bells (tram-bells)." That is a sample of Mr. Upward's humour.

There are many clever speakers among English political women, and across the Atlantic also the lady orator is by no means an unknown quantity. A brilliant personal success has lately been made by Abigail Hill Laughlin, an inhabitant of Portland, in the State of Maine, who has won the first prize in a debating contest of some importance at



A CLEVER POSTER.

Cornell University. The subject concerned the restriction of immigration to persons passably educated, and Miss Laughlin successfully sustained the negative side of the question against most of her male competitors. She is now studying law at Cornell, intends to enter at the New York Bar, and is considered an authority on political matters, notably on the Tariff question.

A correspondent writes—

The writer of the interesting article in *The Sketch* of Feb. 16 on the Scottish "Home of Mrs. Steel the Novelist," when enumerating her tenant predecessors in Dunluga House, near Banff, has, curiously enough, omitted from his list one of the most distinguished of them all, after the "Tutor of Cromartie." For the Grants (a cadet branch of the Ballindalloch house), who followed the Urquharts as owners of the estate, contributed Major-General John Grant, who served with great distinction in the Prussian Army during the Seven Years' War. This Dugald Dalgetty of a Grant began his military career in Russia, where he acted as aide-de-camp to his famous countryman, Marshal Keith. Him he also followed to Prussia, and became personal aide-de-camp to Frederick the Great, by whom he was most highly esteemed, and there was no one in all the Prussian Army who could take such liberties of speech with the despotic King as Captain John Grant of Dunluga. At the Battle of Kollin, which was Frederick's greatest defeat, it was Grant who saved the King's life, as it was also Grant whom the King despatched to London with the news of his victories at Prague and Rossbach. The story of his riding feats and other adventures is interwoven in Mr. Charles Lowe's historical romance of the Seven Years' War, "A Fallen Star; or, The Scots of Frederick"—this fallen star being Bonnie Prince Charlie, who, in the course of his Continental wanderings after Culloden, repaired to Berlin to crave the assistance of Frederick. Towards the close of the Seven Years' War, Grant was made chief of Hofmann's Fusilier Regiment, with the rank of Major-General, and he died soon after the Peace of Hubertsburg as Commandant of Neisse, Silesia. He is once or twice referred to in Carlyle's history, but the Sage of Chelsea seems to have known as little about Grant's career as about that of Captain von Gaudi, another of Frederick's aides-de-camp, to whom he once or twice contemptuously refers, little suspecting that this Gaudi was of a Prussianised family from his own native Dumfriesshire—this being the German spelling of Goudie, the Scotch for Goldie—a family of which Sir George Taubman-Goldie, of Nigeria fame, is one of the modern representatives. Thus the picture-gallery at Dunluga House will have to be enhanced by the portrait of Major-General John Grant.

I was under the impression that the Boer, though not highly educated, was one of those astute people of whom the ordinary man could never take advantage; but this little story told me by an African explorer sheds quite a different light on his intelligence. He was an elderly Boer buying groceries at an up-country store kept by a man who evidently had a low opinion of Boer education. Twelve pounds of sugar had been weighed out to the purchaser's order, and thus the man of groceries worked out the bill: "Twelve pun' of sugar at sixpence; six twelves is ninety-six, that's nine-and-sixpence; here's a sixpence, and you give me half-a-sov." The Boer thought there was a mistake; he had calculated the cost of the sugar with his ready-reckoner, and made it six shillings. Words ran high, and at last the Boer went to his waggon to get the useful book on which he depended; but the store-keeper was too clever for him. "Yes," he said, "it's six shillings by that book; but can't you see for yourself that that's *last year's* ready-reckoner?—it's all wrong now!" And the Boer, convinced that the rules of arithmetic are mutable even as the correspondence of dates and days in the calendar, meekly paid up the nine-and-sixpence and went his way.

This reminds me of the curious simplicity of very different folk—the Brazilians, to wit. Some twenty years ago, a New York company introduced life insurance, and did excellent business among the well-to-do natives. The ideas of the insured concerning the value of their policies were singular. One man, whose father was insured for several thousand dollars in the company, wrote to express the astonishment which qualified his sorrow at his parent's death; he had paid premiums on a policy which insured him against death, and here he had been and gone and died after all!

The son was plainly of opinion that the imposing policy was a talisman to secure the holder eternal life on earth, and stood a fraud confessed; nor was he wholly mollified when the agent, in forwarding the sum due, explained that life insurance was only a bet which the lamented deceased had won for his heirs. More business-like was the letter of another Brazilian life-policy holder, who wrote to say that he had now paid premiums for the period stipulated, and would



MISS NITA HAMILTON AS A JUNGLE, AT THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

thank the agent to send him the usual free pass to travel all over the world, as he thought of paying a visit to Europe and India. When informed that the clause in the policy which he cited meant merely that he was now at liberty to travel or reside in any part of the world without paying an increased premium, this gentleman declaimed quite fiercely against "the swindle."

It is seventy-seven years since Byron burst forth with "Sardanapalus," which appeared in the same volume as "The Two Foscari" and "Cain." It has retained its place in "the legitimate," however, and Mr. Norman V. Norman has been playing it in Manchester, using Mr. Charles Calvert's version. I am told that Mr. Norman is excellent in the part suggesting



MR. NORMAN V. NORMAN AS SARDANAPALUS.
Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

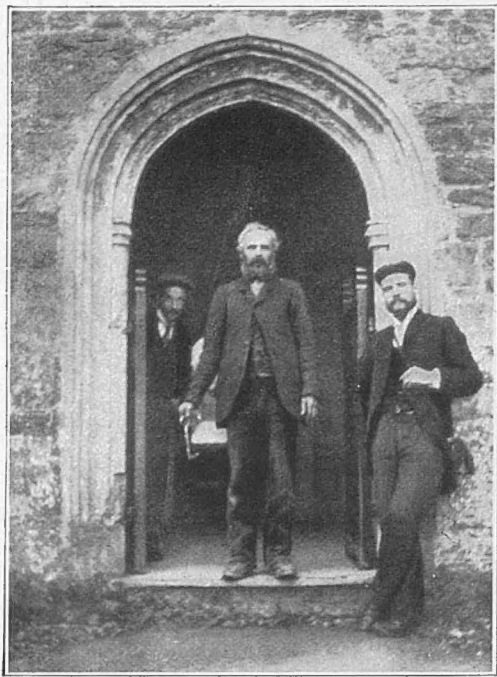
the description: "Sardanapalus, son of Anacyndaraxes, built Tarsus and Achialus in one day. Do thou, O stranger, eat and drink and amuse thyself, for all the rest of human life is not worth so much as this"—the snap of a finger.

The Algerian *Dépêche* tells us that the events of the last month, far from frightening away British visitors, have made them flock in greater numbers than usual to Algiers. It affirms that the real secret of this influx of English is their morbid anxiety to pick up souvenirs of the "Red Week." According to the *Dépêche*, a clever old Jew, determined to make what capital he could out of the misfortunes of his race, has set up a shop in which he displays gruesome relics of the riots. Here, it seems, our countrymen crowd in great numbers, and dispute with each other the possession of his fantastic wares. Every object is guaranteed genuine, and bears a little ticket explaining what it is. Here are a few of the tit-bits of this interesting collection: Hair torn from the head of a Jewish woman; tooth of a Frenchman found in the flesh of a Hebrew money-lender; small piece of human flesh; tears of an Israelitish family, collected in a mustard-pot by a trusty witness.

The delightful part of the business is that the supply seems practically inexhaustible. One day everything of interest seems to be bought up, but by the next morning some kind fairy will have supplied the honest Israelite with still more fascinating relics with which to tempt his clients. The dear old fellow sits on a mat, beaming on everyone with a paternal eye, and looking the picture of benevolence with his long white beard, his hooked nose, and glistening bald head. The tall and bony Misses of the long teeth delight in photographing him, and the Milors, who, as everybody knows, are more than half lunatics, have tried to leave a tangible mark of their stay in Algiers by engraving their names with a penknife on the polished skull of the venerable Abraham. But not even in the hope of extracting a few extra shekels sterling could he be induced to submit to this. It is, of course, notorious that British Milors always carve their names wherever they go, particularly on such an old pyramid as a Jew's bald head.

Miss Nita Hamilton, who carried off the first prize at the Covent Garden Ball of the 11th ult., has an eye for effect. She appeared as an Indian jungle, carrying tigers, elephants, and other denizens of the jungle about her.

The sexton attached to the Parish Church of Combemartin, near Ilfracombe, is dead. Is the intimation pulseless? Not, perhaps, when you know that Marie Corelli immortalised him as Reuben Dale in "The Mighty Atom." Reuben Dale is a pretty name, but the late lamented sexton in real life was plain James Norman.



MARIE CORELLI'S "REUBEN DALE."

Photo by Norman Baker, Derby.

I have seen dogs do many funny things for the benefit of a lightly amused audience; but, as a rule, grave doubts as to the propriety of the methods employed in their training have spoilt my own amusement. Last week I saw a dog play football with a clown in Wulff's Circus at the Crystal Palace, and am free to confess I seldom saw a dog do anything more funny. The ball was a large one, but very light, and, though the game was supposed to be limited to the circus, it was played among the audience. When the ball bounced, the dog would rush at it head downward like an angry bull, and push it in any direction. Consequently, the ball went from one row of seats to another; the dog followed it wildly; the children tried to get their share in the game too, and so there was a scene of excited merriment until the dog was tired out and the next "turn" was due to appear. It is hard to believe that any cruelty is or has been involved in the game, and it must be set down as one of the funniest "turns" in the programme of the circus, which now includes an act dealing with Dick Turpin's ride to York. The words are largely taken from Harrison Ainsworth's "Rookwood"; but the very English highwayman, Tom King, speaks with an unfortunately marked German accent.

The Carnival held at Mentone on the 17th ult. was a success. One car, reproduced here, represented King Carnival himself, seated on a champagne-bottle, and drawn by four horses. Another bore a castellated structure with a courtyard scene symbolising the force of music—a dog and a cat see-sawing on a plank while rats and mice danced under



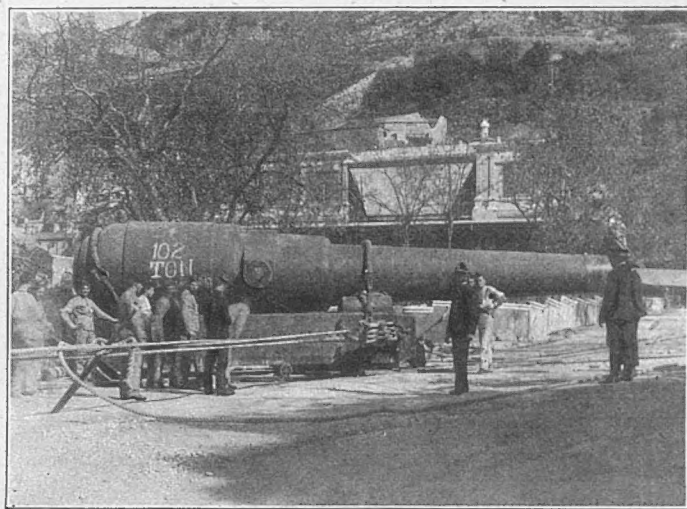
THE CARNIVAL AT MENTONE.

compulsion of the Orphean strains. A third car bore a chimney with a sweep emerging from the outlet. Beside this stalked a giantess some twenty feet high, holding the Arms of Mentone. On another car, representing the *réveille*, a clock surmounted a cannon, while on the clock a soldier stood with bugle in hand.

M. René Doumic, that clever critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has sailed for America, where he will deliver a series of lectures at Cambridge and Harvard on the history of romanticism in France. He will complete his journey to the United States by a sojourn in Canada, where he will also lecture on French literature, notably at Quebec and at Montreal.

The Sâr Péladan of Paris had been invited by the Roumanian Literary Society, the *Ileane*, to deliver a lecture at Bucharest on the Genius of the Latin Races and on Raymond Lalle's "L'Art Notoire." The Sâr has now delivered his lectures, one of which was the cause of a Parliamentary incident in the Roumanian capital. I learn that Colonel Bradishteano interpellated the Ministry and denounced the Sâr as "the agent of the Pope." This is very amusing to Parisians, who can remember the Sâr when he served across the counter in one of the large fancy-shops of the French capital. It may be pointed out to Colonel Bradishteano that, first of all, Pope Leo XIII. is generally considered to be a man of sense, and, secondly, that nobody here has ever taken the Sâr Péladan *au tragique*.

I wonder how many people know that it is just one hundred years since the appearance of cashmere shawls, nowadays quite out of fashion?



REMOVING A 102-TON GUN AT GIBRALTAR.

When first introduced into France, in 1798, cashmere shawls were not a great success. Apropos of those which Bonaparte sent to Josephine, the lady wrote that they might be very beautiful and very dear, but *she* found them ugly, and she did not think they would ever be the fashion. Later, she changed her mind, and, when she retired to Navarre, she possessed one hundred and fifty cashmere shawls, the least dear of which was worth fifteen thousand francs!

Think of taking several weeks to move half-a-mile! Yet no greater progress can be made with the 102-ton gun which is being removed from the Victoria Battery, Gibraltar, to replace a similar gun at Rosia Battery. The journey is being made in short stages by about fifty of the Royal Artillery, with the help of windlasses and stout ropes.

Since the beginning of the month of February I have heard regularly from friends who are enjoying the delights of the Riviera, and, although my correspondents do not know one another, they are strangely agreed in their report of the present season at Monte Carlo. If grievances can suffice to drive people away, it is likely that, before very long, the managers of the *Cercle des Etrangers* will be compelled to break the agreement they have so lately entered into with the Prince of Monaco. Some few years ago, you could lose your money without annoyance—in fact, everything was done to make your payment towards the keeping up of the pretty gambling hell so pleasant that you did not notice it. A distinct check was put upon admission to the *Salle de Jeu*; people who might have been deemed undesirable neighbours were kept away; the attractions of the Casino were in every way brought to the visitor's notice. Now, I am assured, the directors are less lavish, the entertainments are not so good, dissatisfaction is expressed everywhere, and all sorts and conditions of men and women are freely admitted to the gambling-rooms. I had a particularly outspoken letter a few days ago from a friend who is recruiting at Mentone, and should have quoted some funny passages from it, but the writer added a postscript that put him out of court. "Luck is fearful," he wrote. "I plunged on the red last night; and black came up eight times running. It cost me —."

London is being whipped by a new scourge. Yesterday it was the "flu."; to-day it is measles. Several of my friends have been laid up with them.

Not anglers only will echo the Marquis of Granby's wish as expressed in his speech at the annual dinner of the Fly-Fishers' Club, for not anglers alone suffer from the launches on the Upper Thames. The Marquis wishes, in the interests of the fish and fishermen, that some means might be devised whereby the river traffic above a certain point, not specified, might be restricted to row-boats, canoes, and their kind. The wash from fast-running launches does a great deal of harm to the spawn deposited among the weeds, swirling it out of safety into open water to become the food of sticklebacks and other fish. A large launch on the Upper Thames is quite out of place, a danger to the small traffic which represents the vast majority. The electric launch is usually small and slow and hurts nobody; but the big public steamer and that evil-smelling nuisance the naphtha-launch might with advantage be banished, or, at least, controlled. If the Marquis of Granby is at a loss to suggest a point above which to draw the line, I would propose Hampton Court. I suggest Hampton Court because the popular penny-steamer of the *Cardinal Wolsey* type can get up thus far, and, from Easter onwards, carries hundreds of easily pleased trippers daily; and it is above that point the big launch, by reason of the average width of the stream, becomes such a nuisance.

An Irish correspondent sends me a minutely detailed account of a feat performed by a dog of his—to wit, the capture of a live woodcock. The performance is curious, but by no means unheard of, 'cock having been caught alive both by dogs and by hand, owing to their habit of "sitting close." At a shoot in Raasay in the season of 1894-5 a pony-boy caught one on the wing as it flew out of cover; another time a keeper "spotted" a bird crouching under a long tuft of heather, and picked it up before the silly bird even attempted to take wing. An Irish naturalist-sportsman, whose memory is a perfect mine of curious information on subjects connected with bird and beast, says that during a severe winter in the 'fifties a boy of his acquaintance used frequently to catch woodcock by hand at a well. The boy used to watch the bird going into the well, which was a covered one, to drink in the evening, and then steal down the steps and catch it as it tried to fly out past him. I wonder if my correspondent has ever heard of the practice the credulous peasants on the West Coast of Ireland attribute to the woodcock? They firmly believe that the bird, when on its migration flight oversea, carries a stick in its bill, to the end that, when tired, it may drop the stick on the water and perch thereon to rest!

Miss Bubbles Birkbeck, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Birkbeck, of Greencroft House, Hampstead, and her pair of snowy Pomeranian puppies, Pierrette and Pierrot, are the proud possessors of



MISS BUBBLES BIRKBECK WITH HER POMERANIAN PUPPIES, PIERRETTE AND PIERROT.

Photo by Taber, Dover Street, Piccadilly.

the silver cup offered by the Ladies' Kennel Association for children and their pet dogs. The second prize on the same occasion in this class was given to Baby and Lion. Baby is the pretty little daughter of

Mrs. Phillips, of the Woodlands, Camberley, Surrey, who, with her grand St. Bernard, Lion, made another charming living picture.

During their first nine months of corporate life, the protectors of "Appy Ampstead" have not been idle. The first report of the Hampstead Heath Protection Society lies before me in a dainty booklet



BABY AND LION.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

not unworthy of that literary suburb. The society, which was formed at a public meeting held in April last, has for its laudable object the preservation of the original Heath in its wild and natural state, and of the characteristic features of the later additions to the Heath as far as is consistent with their full enjoyment by the public. The protectors have approached the County Council with reference to the over-planting of trees east of Spaniards Row, the cutting of the gorse and the pollarding of willows near Jack Straw's Castle; with regard, also, to such enormities as the deposit of several loads of clay or rubbish near the Battery. The proposed building over of Golders Hill Estate has also been considered, and the society has respectfully urged upon the Hampstead Vestry the desirability of preserving the trees fronting the ride. The society has a goodly and influential list of members, and anyone who cares to add his name to the muster-roll may do so on payment of half-a-crown to Mr. S. R. Scott, the honorary treasurer. Gardening and ruffianism on the Heath are, very properly, to be discouraged. The motto of the society, indeed, would seem to be, "Fewer gardeners and more constables"—and so say all of us.

A correspondent thinks that the picture I reproduced of the charnel-house at Las Palmas is misleading. He says—

It is true I have not been there since 1889, but I was then there some time and am well acquainted with the cemetery referred to. The poor people are buried in the ground in the centre of the cemetery, and the rich in oven-like places built one over the other round the outside, for which privilege they have to pay a rent. Should this rent from any cause fail to be paid, the body is taken out of its "oven" and is thrown into the place shown in the picture. The "oven" is then let to some other person. Nor can the sea reach the place, for it is on the *azotea*, or house-top, and may be reached only by a flight of steps.

I have been reading with rare delight Mr. Alfred West's excellent reprint of John Earle's "Microcosmography," which was first published in 1628. It consists of a series of tiny essays, most of which would fill only half a column of *The Sketch*, about various representative characters. The last essay of all, on a prison, is a curious forerunner of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," by "C.3.3.," about which everybody is talking. Earle's last thought is powerfully echoed in current journalism by the *Daily Chronicle*—

Men see here [in prison] much sin, and much calamity; and where the last does not mortify, the other hardens, and those that are worse here are desperately worse, as those from whom the horror of sin is taken off, and the punishment familiar. And commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this Schoole; which though it teach much wisdom, it is too late, and with danger; and it is better to be a fool than come here to learn it.

Earle had a poor opinion of minor poetry, for of the "pot poet" he wrote—

His workes would scarce sell for three halfe pence, though they are given off for three Shillings, but for the pretty Title that allures the Country Gentleman.

He was positively prophetic when he described that poet as "a man much employ'd in commendations of our Navie."

The talk about the difficulties of getting recruits from Scotland for the Highland regiments is a beating of the air. The real secret has been discovered by a correspondent, who writes—

You, after calling the country, army navy Govt &c. by a wrong name wonder why Scots don't join the army &c. A Scot, allow me to tell you, is not going to join a army which is named the English army, nor to serve a country named England, nor an English Queen.

As for our own Army, a neat little "Year-Book to British Military Stations Abroad" has been compiled by Mr. Duncombe-Jewell for Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. The stations, a hundred and thirty-one in number, are arranged alphabetically, and in a folding map, which accompanies the volume, they are underlined with red ink.

Recruiting for the Gordon Highlanders has been so successful of late that both battalions are now at their full strength. An order has therefore been issued restricting enlistments in future to the North of Scotland, so that not only will there be no admission to the ranks of the gallant Gordons at any English military dépôt, but no entry to the regiment will be obtained at either Edinburgh or Glasgow. The names of five of the six sergeants mentioned in Sir William Lockhart's despatches are sufficiently Scottish—Craib, Mackie, Ritchie, Donaldson, and McKay. The sixth name is Walters. It is said that at least one commission will be awarded. In the last Afghan War, the 1st Battalion was similarly honoured, and the sergeant who then attracted Lord Roberts' notice is now Lieut.-Colonel Victor McDonald, C.B., D.S.O., and is at present in command of a brigade in the Sirdar's Anglo-Egyptian Army at the front in the Soudan. This, however, is not the only occasion when the old 75th have been so honoured, for at Delhi Sergeant-Major Richard Wadson won an ensigney and the Victoria Cross, and afterwards rose to be a colonel, and, later, Lieut.-Governor of Chelsea Hospital. On the other hand, Private Edward Lawson, who has been recommended for the Victoria Cross for carrying Lieutenant Dingwall and Private McMillan out of danger under a heavy fire, being himself wounded in two places while doing so, is a Newcastle man, who had previously distinguished himself in the same way at Chitral.

There is a touch of pathos in the tale of the "lad" of eighteen, 6 ft. 9½ in. high, who offered himself as a recruit for the Grenadier Guards, but was refused as being awkward. He begged so hard that he was told that, if he could bring another recruit to match him, he would be accepted. He went away, but returned a couple of weeks later with another "lad," measuring 6 ft. 8½ in., and these two are now Grenadiers, and probably the tallest men in the British Army. Yet we hear of the difficulty in obtaining recruits big enough to shoulder a gun.

In a recent number I spoke of the mistakes made owing to the system of naming instead of numbering regiments. A correspondent of a Service journal points out the instance of the "South Yorkshire Regiment," which I referred to, and notes that side by side appeared an interview with Sir William Lockhart, in which he spoke of the regiment as "The Yorkshire." Now "The Yorkshire" (the old 19th, "Green Howards"), although at the front, did not take part in the action. As the correspondent says, comment is needless upon such an indictment of the system of territorial designations, when in the official telegrams of the Viceroy and in statements by Sir William Lockhart the nomenclature of regiments is so hopelessly mixed up. Yet another instance occurs in a weekly concerning the same corps, this time speaking of a "record" march in 1878—"The 51st King's Own Light Infantry (now the 1st Battalion King's Own South Yorkshire Regiment) made a forced march from Peshawur to Nowthera" (*sic*). As I pointed out before, there is no "South Yorkshire" regiment, the corps referred to being the 1st Battalion King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, formerly known as the 51st (2nd Yorkshire West Riding; The King's Own Light Infantry). Why not go back to the old numbers without dissociating the battalions territorially? As matters stand at present, the military man—much less the civilian—"dunno" where 'e are."



REDIRECTION

HITHERTO the Postmaster General has not undertaken to provide for the redirection of letters, book packets, post cards, and newspapers for a longer period than 12 months from the date of removal, but on and after the 1st March it will be open to any person whose letters, book packets, post cards, and newspapers have been officially redirected for 12 months, to apply for an extension of the privilege on prepayment of a fee of £1 1s. a year.

By Command of the Postmaster General.

GENERAL POST OFFICE,
20 February 1898

PEOPLE WHO FLIT SHOULD READ THIS.

seen it. He had for some time had a firm conviction that in Siberia the most complete specimens of prehistoric fauna are to be found, and last year he started thither on a voyage of discovery, which was speedily crowned with success. In May of last year he arrived at the peninsula Iu-Mala, where he heard that the aborigines had found a whole mammoth two years before. It had come down in a landslip

from a neighbouring hill on to the banks of the River Youribei. It was in perfect preservation, and still retained its fur. The natives had tried to break off its enormous tusks, but had not been able to manage it. According to M. Nossilov, the huge animal still remains on the banks of the river for any enterprising naturalist to have for the asking, if he can only manage to transport it.

Miss Minnie Theobald, a clever violoncellist, gave a concert of chamber-music in the small Queen's Hall the other day. She played in Dvorák's Quartet in D, Brahms' Sonata in E minor, and solos by Bach, Popper, Fischer, and others, in a way that showed she has the instinct of a fine musician. She plays with the right emotion always, but without excess or the slightest affectation. She has a strong wrist, governs her instrument admirably, and shows singular intelligence.

The buildings for the Grand Exhibition of 1900 in Paris are rapidly growing. On the Champs Elysées the walls of the great palace are springing up apace. The Palais des Beaux Arts is going to be a very magnificent edifice. It will have a frieze running round it representing the history of art, from a design by M. Joseph Bagny, of the Institut, who has grouped together in it all the celebrities in painting, sculpture, and architecture. The colonial committee have not yet decided where their pavilions are to be erected, and there are constant squabbles on the subject. It was agreed at first that they should be installed at the Trocadero, but this was declared not to be spacious enough, and the committee clamoured for space at Saint Cloud or Vincennes. This was manifestly impracticable, so they next asked to be allowed to erect buildings at La Muette and to connect them with a miniature railway, by which ticket-holders should be carried free of charge. This railway would cost eighty thousand pounds alone, and the buildings at La Muette another hundred and fifty thousand pounds or so; therefore, the Minister of Commerce has vetoed the project.

Sometimes a reputation is a dangerous thing to have to live up to, as a certain Béchardon seems to have found out to his cost the other day in Paris. He was a hardened toper, and his friends were fond of boasting of his exploits, for no one had ever yet seen him much the worse for his potations. One morning, though, at the indecently early hour of eleven, he and several of his friends were imbibing absinthe at a little café. The conversation turned on Béchardon's feats, and one of the men permitted himself to cast a doubt on them. This wounded the toper in his most vulnerable spot, and, after some forcible language, he made a bet that he would drink twelve absinthes while the clock of the neighbouring church was striking twelve. A dozen absinthes were forthwith ordered, and the first eight were disposed of punctually. However, as Béchardon lifted the ninth to his lips he was suddenly seized with a fit and fell to the ground, where he instantly expired.

"Le Petit Pasteur"—how strange that reads!—as played at the Haymarket, is discussed by M. Villars, and illustrated photographically, in the February number of *Le Théâtre*, the New Paris Paper. But why speak of *M. Cyril Maude* and *Miss Winifred Emery*? "M. J.-M. Barriest un Écossais."

The latest thing in advertisements hails from the Fatherland, which is the happy hunting-ground of matrimonial agencies. A Leipzig paper publishes in each number a couple of chapters of a novel. The other day the following advertisement appeared in its columns—

A gentleman, rich, titled, perfectly honourable, and of pleasing appearance, is desirous of meeting with a lady as virtuous and as beautiful as *Mina Deutschthaler*, the charming heroine of Mr. So-and-So's novel which appears every day on the third page of this paper.

Of course, all the Gretchens and Lottas of Leipzig will peruse the story eagerly to see if by any chance they resemble ever so slightly the lady who has excited the admiration of the rich and handsome advertiser.

Miss Ellen Oppler writes to me as follows—

SIR,—Hearing that, in your late number of *The Sketch* you encourage men and boys to entrap birds (issue Jan. 5), may I beg you to use in future all your efforts to undo the mischief, both to the birds in their destruction, and to the boys in teaching them cruelty and thus demoralising them? Beautiful little feathered songsters! they are the best friends of man, and their wanton destruction is unpardonable.

I am glad to assure that lady of my sympathy. I am entirely at one with her in love of the "feathered songsters."

The *Daily Telegraph* in its summary the other morning perpetrated a delightful "bull." It stated that two ladies, each claiming to be the widow of a certain individual, contested the will of that person, who had died *intestate*! This rather reminds me of the story of two Irishmen who drove a "cow" home in the dark, and fought on the way to decide who should have the first drink of milk. They, too, contested something non-existent—the animal was a steer!



Violoncello

Recital

given by

Miss Minnie Theobald

Gold and Silver Medalist and Prize Winner
at the Royal Academy of Music

in the small

Queen's Hall,

Langham Place, W.

on

Friday, 18th February, 1898.

8 p.m.



Miss Gertrude Scott, the charming young actress who is taking Mrs. Compton's place in the Compton Comedy Company, now on its farewell visit to the provinces, is a lady of many resources. As an actress she has acquired a high provincial reputation, but she is also well known to a wide circle as an admirable reciter and a really accomplished violinist. Miss Scott belongs to Kent, but was educated in Edinburgh. From an early age she displayed histrionic talent of a very high order. Her first public appearance was made during one of Madame Belle Cole's concert tours, as an elocutionist and violinist. She afterwards gave successful recitals on her own account in London and the provinces. It is now about five years since she took to the "legitimate" stage, making her debut in "Caste." She next went on a Shaksperian tour, coming back to London to play the part of Mary Aylmer in Sir Augustus Harris's "Derby Winner," at Drury Lane.

In July 1895 Miss Scott joined Mr. Compton's company, and since then she has appeared in over twenty parts, the principal perhaps being Lady Teazle, Beatrix Esmond, and Kate Hardcastle. Last year she played for a season at the Théâtre du Parc, Brussels, in old comedy and Shaksperian pieces. Miss Scott is gifted with many graces of intellect and person, and, like all actresses who achieve success, she works unremittingly, and her whole soul is in her profession. She contrives to identify herself most completely with the characters she portrays, and the piquant brilliancy of her Beatrix Esmond—to mention one part only—has evoked the applause of the most case-hardened critics. The present—and last—tour of the Compton Comedy Company ends at Manchester in June. Miss Scott will probably make her next appearance at a London theatre.

The annual gathering of the British Medical Association takes place in Edinburgh next July for the first time during some twenty years. Innumerable committees are at work organising the procedure of the various scientific sections, but apparently more active still are the committees whose sacred duty it is to prove that the traditions of Scottish hospitality are not merely literary pleasantries. For these annual medical conferences, in addition to their great scientific and medical value, are nothing if not governed by the spirit of conviviality. The meeting takes place under the presidency of Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart, who possesses, in addition to his medical erudition, much knowledge of archæology. He will make an excellent president, combining in a remarkable degree the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. He has a pleasant manner, with a dignified presence, and possesses the excellent quality of being able at any moment to deliver an eloquent address on most subjects under the sun. He is well known as a distinguished physician, and his skill at diagnosis is notorious. This fact takes away altogether the sting from the well-known story which

was told of him. I think it was at a medical dinner, at which, I fancy, Sir Thomas himself was present, that a certain gentleman told of a dream he had had the night before. He dreamt that he was dead, and, going up to the gates of heaven, he demanded admittance. Peter inquired his name, and, on being informed, turned up the book, and, after careful search, informed him that he was not yet due. Mr. T. replied that he had died the night before at such and such an address, and that he must be due, whereupon Peter again searched carefully, but in vain. There were some moments of mutual perplexity, when suddenly a brilliant idea seemed to seize Peter. "By the way," said he, "who attended you when you were ill?" "Dr. Grainger Stewart," said Mr. T. "Ah, that accounts for it!" said Peter. "Go back; you are not dead; it's only another of Grainger's mistakes"—and at that moment Mr. T. awoke. The story is a good one, and, no doubt, has been applied to many physicians, from Sir William Jenner downwards.

An Italian contemporary, the *Tribuna*, has started a most interesting symposium with regard to dramatic artists and their parts. One of the questions propounded was "Which part in contemporary foreign drama has made you feel the most the emotions of the character?" An actress named Tina di Lorenzo declared in favour of Paula in "La Seconda Moglie" ("The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"). Teresa Mariani-Zampieri's favourites in foreign drama are the leading rôles in "Casa Paterna" and "La Seconda Moglie"; in Italian plays the principal parts in "Cause ed Effetti," by P. Ferrari, and "Le Rozeno," by C. Antona-Traversi. Virginia Reiter's favourite plays are Pinero's "Seconda Moglie" and Bracco's "L'Infedele." Mr. Pinero, I am sure, will appreciate his position in the symposium. On the other hand, Ibsen is left out in the cold.

His engagement with "The Scarlet

Feather" over, Mr. E. C. Hedmond has turned his thoughts to regular opera again. He and his company, including Miss Marie Elba, Miss Ormerod, Mr. A. S. Winckworth, Miss Lucy Clarke, Madame Julia Lennox, Mr. Homer Lind, and other well-known artists, have been appearing at Mr. George Edwardes's fine theatre at Croydon, their repertory comprising "Rip Van Winkle" (Leoni's, I presume), "Hänsel and Gretel," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "The Bohemian Girl," and the Garden Act from "Faust."

A musical festival, under the auspices of Dr. Edvard Grieg, the Norwegian composer, will be held at Bergen, the most important town on the west coast of Norway, during the International Fishery Exhibition held there this summer. A large hall, holding about three thousand people, will be specially built for the occasion. The orchestra and choir will number five hundred. Only Norwegian compositions will be performed, and the festival will last from June 27 to July 3.



MISS GERTRUDE SCOTT, OF THE COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

The murders of Lieutenant Ayerst and Mr. Rand, on June 22 last year, were, without question, the outcome of the crusade which had for some time been waged by the fanatical natives of Bombay against the sanitary and medical precautions insisted on by the Government in the hope of staying the ravages of the Plague. Mr. Rand was, indeed, the



THE MURDERER OF MR. RAND.

Photo by Stewart, Poona.

chief Plague authority in the Poonah district, and, being brought into constant contact with the most ignorant of the natives, he became used to threats, which he disregarded. Both Ayerst and Rand had been attending the special reception given by the Governor of Bombay in honour of the Jubilee celebration, and it was while returning from this function that they were done to death. The double tragedy greatly alarmed the Europeans in India, and steps were taken to prosecute all the native prints which openly encouraged sedition; but all trace of the murderers had disappeared, and it was not until after several months had elapsed that an illiterate low-caste native, one Damodar Chapekar, a professional mendicant and singer of Marathi songs, was placed on his trial on the capital charge.

Damodar kept no secret of his guilt and made a clean breast of the whole transaction, endeavouring, however, to save his neck by throwing the onus of his crime on Sergeant Brewin, of the native police, who, he averred, had promised him a reward of twenty thousand rupees for the deed; but this effort did not avail him, and he was duly sentenced to death on Feb. 3.

It is to be hoped that the fate of Damodar Chapekar will have a good effect on the more fanatical of the natives who infest the purlieus of Bombay. A more cold-blooded crime than the murder of these two Englishmen has never been committed. One of them went daily with his life in his hands while fighting the Plague in the interest of the very class which was responsible for his death. There can be no question as to the justice of the sentence passed. It will be well if it proved a warning to others.

I hear from Siam that the King, who reached home early in January last, after his European travels, received a very enthusiastic welcome from his subjects and from the English colony in that distant country. The heat was intense on the day of his Majesty's return, but this did not deteriorate the decorations, or make languid the loyal enthusiasm. The English ladies found the waiting somewhat tedious and exhausting, but I doubt if it was more trying than what some folks went through here last Jubilee Day. In the evening of the day of the King's return there were fireworks and illuminations; quite a creditable display, I am informed. The great feature, however, appears to have been a series of banquets in honour of the event. The Army entertained, the Navy (in which, I believe, most of the officers are Danes) entertained, Diplomacy entertained, Society entertained, and, indeed, the whole place must have reeked, I should imagine, with the odour of gorgeous banquets served among table-decorations that were simply magnificent in the lavish display of flowers. One princely table had an enormous snake, whose body was blossoms, while its head was a real serpent's, meandering down its centre, and another had a wonderful representation of a lake and rocks and native temples, all most deftly contrived in confectionery. One great advantage in Siam, from an English lady's point of view, is that at most of these entertainments the sterner sex outnumber the weaker vessels by three or four to one.



THE POLICE SUPERINTENDENT WHO ARRESTED HIM.

Photo by Stewart, Poona.

reference, as they were but fractions whose appearance suggested the adjective vulgar. I asked if they did not bind the *Illustrated*, and was told they did, but had to obtain their copies from branch libraries, as theirs, not only on the stands in the newspaper-room, but in the cases in the reading-rooms, were always treated in this shameful manner. One does not expect a paper looked at in the course of the week by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people to retain its pristine freshness; even a slight tear now and again would not be a surprise, but those I saw must have been deliberately mutilated. The assistant-librarian informed me that they were never able to detect the mischief-makers at work, watch as carefully as they might, though on one or two occasions they had found people stealing papers, and had promptly charged them. In these days, when the Education Act, which undoubtedly was the forerunner of Free Libraries, has been working so long, it should surely have taught the people who use Free Libraries to respect their contents.

The Western side of St. James's Square will ere many months have passed present quite a new appearance to old Londoners. Where once the great, gloomy mansion of the last Duke of Cleveland stood there has long been an unoccupied plot of ground surrounded by a hoarding. The site was a large one, with a frontage on the Square, and a long side frontage (if I may use such an expression) in King Street. The position seemed an excellent one for a "palatial residence," or a club-house, but no one seemed to jump at it for either. Now the contractors are hard at work on a big block of buildings which, like everything nowadays, is, I believe, the enterprise of a syndicate, and which when finished will provide first-rate flats and shops. Another change in the historic Square is provided by the rebuilding of that time-honoured institution, the London Library. Through the scaffolding the new white stone front of the mansion that was once known as Beauchamp House, and was occupied by Lord Amherst when Commander-in-Chief, is already making a fine appearance. Externally, I should say the new London Library will soon be practically complete; but the interior arrangements will not, I understand, be finished till the autumn. The London Library dates back to 1840, and with its origin the Sage of Chelsea had much to do. I believe this most valuable library, which began with three thousand, now contains more than one hundred thousand volumes. An excellent and spacious reading-room will be a great feature in the new building.



A YOUTHFUL COUNTY COURT JUDGE.

Photo by A. Coc, Norwich.

Mr. Ernest Edward Wild, the new Judge of the Norwich Court of Record, is the youngest dispenser of justice in this country, for he is only nine-and-twenty, and was called to the Bar in 1893. The son of Mr. E. Wild, J.P., he was educated at Norwich Grammar School, and Jesus College, Cambridge. His success so far has been remarkable, for he has been engaged as counsel in several important cases in London, while he nearly monopolised local briefs at the Assizes. Baron Pollock, just before his death, complimented Mr. Wild in a note from the Bench.

The good folks of the ancient town of Dorking seem as determined to enjoy their Shrove Tuesday football as are the local authorities to put down that time-honoured usage. Last week the importation of half-a-hundred Surrey constables into the town appears to have only added zest to the game, and the footballs, gaily painted, were kicked off and pursued with much enjoyment by the inhabitants, and much zeal and some bruises by the officers of the law. Why football should be indulged in on Shrove Tuesday in particular is more than I can discover, but it has been a practice from time immemorial all over the country. The most notable footballing on this day appears to have been at Seone, in the county of Perth, where the bachelors and married men drew themselves up at the Cross of Seone on opposite sides; a ball was thrown up, and from two o'clock till sunset bachelors and benedicts pursued it with unflagging energy. In the course of this diversion there was a good deal of violence; but there is a Scotch proverb in this connection—"A' is fair at the ba' of Seone."

I saw what was quite a novelty to me in the way of street-accidents the other evening, close to Hyde Park Corner. The traffic was thick, and a "growler" had its near-side lamp knocked off. The result was a blaze of oil in the roadway. It was quite a brilliant affair, and, as I passed in my modest 'bus, I noticed cabby, heedless of scorched trousers, stamping lustily on the flames. Burning oil is nasty stuff to deal with, especially in a wind; and when my vehicle stopped for a moment by St. George's Hospital, the flare, far from having lessened, appeared to be running gaily about the roadway.

At the handsome Free Library at the foot of Brixton Hill the other day, I asked (writes a correspondent) to see some of the immediate back numbers of the *Illustrated London News*. A few tattered, thumbed, and dirty copies were brought to me, quite useless for purposes of

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

THE ART OF STAGE INTERIORS.

Photographs by Byron, New York.



"THE HIGHWAYMAN," IN NEW YORK.



"THE TELEPHONE GIRL," AS PRODUCED IN AMERICA.

THE NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DEAD HAND WINS.

BY FRANCIS H. HARDY.

Heavy snow had penned us in the house for three days, and during those three days a hot game of draw-poker had been running in the Montana Saloon. Jim Murdock—a “profesh,” but the whitest man that ever drew cards—the Englishman, Harris, whom everybody called the “Little Cockney Cackler,” me, Joe Williams, and old Dick Hawser of Missoula, that was our crowd; and every man, having done a good summer’s work, had money to lose and was willing to chance losing it.

Murdock and I had carried big luck from the first, and stood heaps ahead of the game. Little Cockney had been sitting in hard luck from the start and was some hundreds out.

We had just picked up our cards, after Joe Williams’s deal, when Tom Simpson dropped in to ask if anyone could loan him a gun, as he’d got to work his way down to Missoula that night.

Williams looked up from his cards long enough to say—

“You’ll find a gun in my overcoat pocket—overcoat’s hanging yonder, agin the wall.”

Simpson said “Thank-ee,” crossed the room, took out the pistol, and, as a joke, started to fire a shot through the roof.

But the d—d fool had a bad habit—a cowboy trick—of first slinging his gun over his shoulder and then pulling trigger as he brought her back again. He must have got flurried somehow, for he pulled trigger too soon—pulled it while the gun was over his back and pointing straight at our party.

“Bing!”—God! I can hear it now—“bing!” and the gun spat fire; and there was poor Little Cockney lying on the floor, blood flowing from a cruel hole in his forehead—flowing fast and painting red the five cards gripped in his hand.

He’d been sitting next to me for three days, had Cockney; I was his best friend—his old pardner. A second after he’d dropped, I was kneeling at his side, begging him to speak. But he wouldn’t.

Then Dr. Frank, who’d been standing at the bar when the gun went off, he got his hand over Cockney’s heart.

“He’s gone,” says Dock; “never knew what hit him.”

Nobody spoke or moved for a moment. Then Jim Murdock said—

“Little Cockney never did a dirty trick in his life. When he lost he paid up like a man, paid up smiling like a true sport. For three days he’s sat, without kicking, in rotten luck; his luck’s changed, see what he holds now! Four kings and an ace; as we don’t play straights, that’s a sure winner. There’s only one thing for us to do, boys, and that one thing is, play this hand out—play it as if Little Cockney were sitting in that chair and us not a-knowing he held the winning hand. That’s square, ain’t it?”

“Square,” said every man at the table.

“I bet the limit,” said Dick Hawser, pushing five blue chips into the centre of the table.

“I see that bet, and lift it a hundred dollars,” said I, putting up the two hundred dollars needful.

It was Little Cockney’s turn to bet now.

Jim Murdock glanced down at the dead boy, then, with a catch of his breath, said—

“Little Cockney sees both rises, and lifts the pot the limit.”

Speaking lower, ’most whispering, he continued—

“Cockney boy, you’re short two hundred dollars, but I’ll loan you the chips”; and he did.

Then, raising his voice higher, says Murdock—

“It’s my bet now. I’m seeing those three rises, and I’m lifting the pot another hundred.”

Joe Williams, the dealer, had a mighty little hand, but he’d a damned big heart; that’s why Joe slid out four hundred dollars, enough to call.

Everybody evened-up chips and called; then we all showed cards.

Cockney had won the biggest pot of the game.

Murdock raked in the chips, counted and stacked them up in front of the empty chair.

Mebbe it was accident, I don’t know, though I’ve my own opinion, but Murdock didn’t take back the two hundred dollars he’d loaned poor dead Cockney to make his first bet with.

“Two thousand and seventy-five dollars in the pot,” said Murdock, after he’d counted the chips a second time; then, speaking slow, said he—

“Cockney while he lived allus sent money home to England to keep his old mother. Now he’s won what’ll keep her easy the balance of her years. You’ll send it to her, O’Hagan?”

“Yes,” I said; and I did.

That’s how Cockney Cackler went away from us. Poor little chap!

THE COURTSHIP OF DIVINITY.

BY J. A. HAMILTON.

“It seems a century since we met.” I turned to an exceedingly pretty woman. She stopped to speak.

“Yet it is only a year,” said she, smiling.

I was just back from abroad, and, between the races, was promenading on the grass at Ranelagh.

“To be absent a year is to be miserable for all eternity; to be absent a day seems more than a year,” I remarked somewhat gallantly.

“Then a day is equal to a year. That is scarcely complimentary,” she observed, pouting prettily.

“Or eternity,” said I, walking at her side.

“You are not very flattering,” she added, after a pause.

“Flattery is only a verbal recognition of an abstract charm,” said I, turning.

She puckered her forehead and laughed. It was a note of music daintily expressed.

“Absence leaves everything to the imagination, doesn’t it?” she inquired, smiling.

“A thing that is impossible with you,” was my polite response.

“Am I quite perfect?” Her tone was tinged with sadness.

“The visible personification of absolute perfection,” I replied glibly.

“I have heard that before,” said she archly.

“It is surely quite natural,” was my gallant rejoinder.

“It is a terrible blow,” said she meaningly; “you have made me divine.”

“You are divine,” said I quite gravely. A glance from my eyes endorsed my words.

“I am terribly grieved. I thought I was human,” she observed.

“You could be both,” I murmured foolishly.

“Divine and human? Ah, no; *il n’est pas possible*.”

“We might test it together,” I suggested suddenly.

She glanced at me in surprise.

“You be Divinity, and I—mere man,” I explained.

“The Divinity might fall below par,” she said.

“It would be the duty of a mere man to rise to the occasion,” I observed earnestly.

“You would accept the risk?” She spoke softly.

“I would cover all risks!” I exclaimed quickly.

“A very broad margin—,” she commenced.

“Or no margin at all,” I interrupted, and looked at her tenderly.

She put her fingers on my arm. Her voice faltered.

“The risk was almost forceclosed. I thought you had forgotten,” were her words.

“There is an eloquence in memory, because it is the nurse of hope.”

“You have come—at last, mere man.” She laughed, and her face was radiant with happiness.

“At last,” said the man. “Duty is a very prosaic thing, but it has to be faced. At last,” he repeated to himself.

They stopped at some seats, and bowed to a woman sitting on one.

“I have an engagement,” the man explained.

“I am engaged too, do you know?”

Whereat both laughed, and one of them blushed.

“I will come to-morrow,” declared the man.

“To-morrow in the lives of some women is always the present,” remarked she sententiously.

“The retrospect of our future is the essence of my past,” he retorted affectionately, as he turned to leave her.

“What fools some men are, dear,” said she, as she greeted her friend in the chair.

“Not only men, my dear,” said the friend enigmatically in reply, as they strolled off together to procure some tea.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH.

Under the steel-blue arches of the sky,

Held by the frost unclouded and undimmed,

Beneath my feet the gelid ice-fields lie,

A weird white world with gleaming azure rimmed.

Naked I stand, and all men towards me yearn,

With eyes of fire and bitter sobbing breath,

To kiss my red, red lips, sharp-set and stern,

To kiss and know the red, red mouth of Death!

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

WHO WILL BUY A ROYAL MUMMY?

If you are keen on decorating your house in a way that will make it difficult for your neighbours to imitate you, you need only go to Mr. William Cross, of Liverpool, who recently bought the set of royal mummies sold by Mr. Stevens, of Covent Garden. The tombs of the ancient Egyptian rulers are located in the most desolate and inaccessible places, and are hidden with such cunning and elaborate care as to defy the efforts of searchers, the object having been to procure a resting-place which no human power should ever disturb; and many have not yet been discovered.

custom for a man to mortgage his father's mummy or the tomb of his father. The three mummies now in Mr. Cross's possession are the mortal remains of a Babylonian Queen and two other potentates. The female mummy was once Alpina, Queen of Babylon, wife of Seleucus; while the second was Ptolemy II. Philadelphus, son of the even greater Ptolemy I.; and the third was Antiochus Soter, King of Assyria. Letters certifying to these facts are with them from Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, and Professor Bonomi, of Sir John Soane's Museum. Mr. Stevens made a little speech before submitting "the lot." He had never sold three royal mummies in one lot before, though he had had the honour of submitting an Egyptian princess for sale about twenty



ANTIOCHUS SOTER, KING OF ASSYRIA; ALPINA, QUEEN OF BABYLON; AND PTOLEMY II., KING OF EGYPT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. WILLIAM CROSS, JUN., CROSS'S EMPORIUM, LIVERPOOL.

The tombs of rulers were prepared upon the most elaborate and gigantic scale, a monarch in many cases spending his lifetime on preparing his tomb. Even when death came it was to find his resting-place not yet ready. The amount of treasure, in the shape of ornaments of gold, jewels, and precious stones, hidden in the tombs has proved a sufficient temptation to induce the Greeks, and even the Egyptians and other nations, to search for, excavate, and sack the contents. At the present day, however, the indiscriminate excavation and sacking of the tombs is prohibited by the Egyptian Government. A man's tomb was accounted his greatest possession; as the one he would always use, it was prepared at an expense never squandered on his habitation during life. Peculiar as it may appear in the present day, debts would often keep a man out of his tomb. His tomb was mortgaged; it was a recognised

years ago, and had since disposed of a petrified man. These choice specimens, he added, ought to be in a museum, or, failing that, there was a comfortable little living in them for a travelling showman. "Two kings and a queen," said Mr. Stevens, allowing himself a little joke, "a good start for a nap hand. Anybody who buys them will have his name printed all over the world." Bidders, however, were shy, and at last Mr. Stevens himself started the sale by an offer of ten guineas. Thence they quickly went to fifty-five guineas, at which there was a considerable pause, Mr. Stevens improving the occasion by saying that it was positively wicked to let them go at that—the owner had refused a thousand pounds for them a few years ago. And so, by reason of his eloquence, the bidding went up until seventy-five guineas was reached, at which figure the royalties were knocked down to Mr. Cross.

THE HOUSE OF THORNE.

Photographs by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

The deservedly great success which Miss Nellie Thorne has won in "A Bachelor's Romance," at the Globe Theatre, adds yet another honour to a family which has given many distinguished members to the dramatic profession. The Thornes are everywhere, and their name is known with credit wherever the British drama has a hold. In Miss Nellie Thorne the talent may be reckoned hereditary. In her father, Mr. Fred Thorne, her aunts and uncles, it is practically the upgrowth of a single generation, for the founder of the line, Miss Thorne's grandfather, was distinguished rather as a manager than as an actor. He did, it is true, act as an amateur with considerable success, but his professional connection with the stage was limited to his proprietorship and management of the old Pavilion Theatre in East London forty years ago. Among his Somersetshire farmer ancestors he could point to none with histrionic talent. But the germ which he fostered only in a tentative way has been loyally developed by his children and his children's children, for three of his daughters and five of his sons have been on the stage.

Miss Sarah Thorne, the eldest of the family, is principal of the famous dramatic school at Margate, which has sent so many admirably trained recruits to the profession. An actress herself, Miss Thorne was at one time connected with the Theatre Royal, Dublin, where she played in the stock company. Afterwards she played at the Margate Theatre, in which she is still interested. Alone of the family, Miss Thorne "found herself" in tragedy. Her elocutionary powers are of first-rate order.

Emily possesses the family gift for comedy, and won distinction with Mr. Toole's company both in London and in the provinces. Her "buxom widows" and kindred parts are still remembered by playgoers. Marriage terminated Miss Emily Thorne's dramatic career, so far as she herself was concerned; but in her son she has given the stage a very promising young actor, who falls to be mentioned in dealing with the third generation.

Next to Emily came the late Richard Thorne, a comedian of distinction who was too early lost to the profession and to the public. Like the rest of his generation, he served an arduous apprenticeship in the great school of the provinces, becoming at length stock comedian at the old Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. The Princess's in London also knew him well.

The second son is Mr. Tom Thorne, of Vaudeville celebrity, whose name is sufficient to call up a host of memories, among which "Our Boys"

them, Mr. Thorne, upon a point of conscience, relinquished his prospects of histrionic distinction, and embarked upon a career of religious and philanthropic work, which has won success and honourable recognition. For several years he was missionary at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he established the well-known Ouseburn Mission, which formed the nucleus of an extensive missionary and philanthropic organisation. For several



MISS NELLIE THORNE.



MISS NELLIE THORNE.

years more he was travelling secretary to the Y.M.C.A., but his time is now wholly devoted to evangelistic work.

Fourth among the sons, and sixth in the family, comes genial Mr. Fred Thorne, at present playing with so much acceptance in "Trelawny of the Wells," at the Court Theatre. At the outset of his career, Mr. Fred Thorne followed the beaten track of actors of his day, seeing much of the old stock-company business in the provinces. His greatest success after he won his spurs was as Fluellen in "Henry V.," which he played for over two years in England, America, and Australia.

Enter now George Thorne, the only member of the family who has turned to the lyric stage. In town and in the provinces this distinguished member of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company has endeared himself to thousands by his delightful performances in Gilbert and Sullivan opera. His Jack Point is considered by many to be the only true reading of the part. Curiously enough, during Mr. George Thorne's first visit to Aberdeen (where playgoers swear by him), a side-box was occupied one night by an officer in the Gordon Highlanders (Militia), then on training in the city. That officer was none other than W. S. Gilbert. After the performance of the play ("The Two Roses") Mr. Thorne was introduced to Mr. Gilbert, who mentioned that he had a burlesque, entitled "The Gentleman in Black," which he considered would exactly suit Mr. Thorne's method. Mr. Thorne has never played it, but he was fated to become one of the ablest interpreters of the Gilbertian humour. Mr. George Thorne was seen and engaged by Mr. Carte in 1879, when he was playing in classical and Shaksperian drama with the late Mrs. Scott Siddons.

The youngest member of the family is Clara Thorne, a clever comedienne well known in earlier days at the Globe and the Gaiety. She made some very successful American tours. At the height of a distinguished career she married and left the stage.

So much for the second generation. Up to the present the third generation has done well in its two young representatives. Of these more is confidently expected, and there may be still further recruits in process of time. Miss Nellie Thorne, Mr. Fred Thorne's daughter, was trained by her aunt Sarah at Margate, and made her debut in 1892 at the Vaudeville with her uncle, Mr. Tom Thorne. With Mr. Hare she has made two American and two provincial tours, and has made a "hit" at the Globé.

The other member of the third generation, Mr. Frank Gillmore, Miss Emily Thorne's son, is already very favourably known as a rising actor. He appeared, as many will remember, in "For the Crown," at the Lyceum. He is now playing with his pretty cousin in "A Bachelor's Romance."

and "Saints and Sinners," play not the least conspicuous rôle. He was great as Parson Adams in "Joseph's Sweetheart"; great, too, as Partridge in "Sophia." Mr. Tom Thorne still flourishes.

The third son is Mr. Henry Thorne, who in his earlier years trod the stage, but quitted it for the platform. Convinced while still a young man that he could serve his fellow-men better off the boards than upon



MISS NELLIE THORNE IN "A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Does the theatrical manager suppose for one moment that he is able to cope with the *matinée-hat*? I have prophetic misgivings; and that they may deeply impress his romantic soul, I will put them in the form of a woeful new ballad—

*It was a West-End theatre,
And the people thronged to see
A gallant actor-manager,
And a blithesome comedy.*

*Then, swooping down upon the stalls,
Came troops of womenkind;
Their hats made monumental screens
For those who sat behind.*

*Through waving plumes and battlements
No mortal glance could scan,
And naught that passed upon the stage
Was visible to man.*

*Then up and spake that manager,
Who had the showman's brain:
"We'd better put out a little bill
To make this matter plain.*

*"Last year the hats had monstrous brims,
And feathers flowing free.
This year they rear a mad headgear,
Though the cloak-room hath no fee.*

*"I fear thee, thou Ancient Milliner;
I fear thy cunning hand;
But this is more, I feel full sore,
Than manager can stand.*

*"Though damsel fair and sparkling dame
To Fashion's toys may cling,
I'll have them know that here the Play
And not the Hat's the Thing.*

*"So haste thee, my tried and trusty scribe,
And pen a circular.
Don't stint the sting, nor spare the gibe,
But spread it wide and far*

*"That after such and such a day—
'Tis thus the fiat falls—
No milliner shall advertise
Her hats within my walls."*

*The fiat fell like magic spell,
And the manager laughed with glee;
But many a dame had an eye of flame,
And a scornful sniff sniffed she.*

*"What is it, my tried and trusty scribe,
That thou dost look so wan?"*

*"They've come to scoff, and their Hats are off,
But their Hair is very much On!"*

*"Its massive coils run mountains high—
The stage no eye can see!"*

*The manager swallowed a powder-puff,
And a dismal groan groaned he.*

*"I fear thee, thou artful Hair-Dresser,
I fear thy spiteful wiles!
Thy monuments than the Milliner's
Are worse by many miles!"*

*"O haste thee, my tried and trusty scribe,
And pen a new decree—
That Matinée-Hats are all the joy
Of our blithesome comedy!"*

In Paris there is a *Théâtre Blanc*, so nominated because the plays there presented are designed for the amusement and edification of the *jeune fille*. I paid a visit the other evening to a London *Théâtre Blanc*, I will not say where; but it is a little theatre with beautiful new decorations, of which the predominant colour is red, whereas it ought to represent the lilies and languors of virtue. They are conspicuous enough on the stage, where the nearest approach to evil is suggested by a young man who drinks brandy twice after dinner, and tells a lady that, if she likes to take him as he is, he will marry her. Of course, she rings the bell, and indignantly orders her carriage. The author of the piece is a very good woman, who lives somewhere in New England, I believe; and when she wrote this scene, she must have trembled at her own daring. She even goes a little further, and makes the young man with the brandy try to kiss the spotless heroine. It is an awful moment. I look round the stalls and see large shirt-fronts agitated with horror, and probably

with remorse. They are thinking how often, even without the stimulus of brandy twice after dinner, they have ventured to embrace somebody in a pretty evening-frock. But the young man in the play is not suffered to go so far. His fell design is interrupted by his elder brother. For an instant he uses unbrotherly language (none of it beginning with "d," I am glad to say), but repentance is swift, and, after an apology, he totters from the room, perhaps in search of more brandy.

So far, the influence of virtue was strong upon me. Privately I swore I would renounce liqueurs, and start a crusade against kissing. But the last act was a justification of alcohol! The young man appeared in the country engaged in farm-labour. There used to be a song very popular in my boyhood—

I'm a young man from the country,
But you won't get over me!

They do get over the young man in the country, for he is persuaded that hay-making is good for morals as well as for the liver, and that it is virtuous to drink milk and eat apples all day. The young man from the country is not so simple; but there is nothing like the credulity of the gentleman from town who is planted on a farm, and told to grow good. Well, as the actor who played this part ate an apple in the most realistic manner, and as he does this every night, the horrible thought struck me that he has to fortify himself with brandy in his unregenerate scene against the apples of repentance in the last act! Unless fruit and brandy agree with him, at all hours, this must be the most unwholesome play in his experience! Here's a nice kind of moral to impress on the spectator. I looked at those shirt-fronts, and saw them heaving, whether with sorrow for bad lives or with sympathetic indigestion begotten by the brandy and apple business, I cannot say. But half an hour later I found some of them supping at the Savoy with an air of such abandoned recklessness that I fear our *Théâtre Blanc* serves no better purpose than that of giving a new edge to the appetite for worldly joys!

Still, it might be useful as balm for love-sick solicitors. How much happier to watch the process of moral salvation by eating apples than to bring an action for libel against a newspaper which calls you "A Love-Stricken Solicitor" in the heading of a law report! I never knew that solicitors were as other men in affairs of the heart; and this particular lawyer must have felt that to call him "love-stricken" in print was an outrage on the traditions of his profession. I have hitherto understood that solicitors were entirely unmoved by the charms of actual or possible clients. What says the old folk-lore legend?—

There was a young lady of Cirencester,
Who went to consult her solicitor,
When he asked for his fee
She said, "Fiddle-de-dee!
I only came here as a visitor!"

What testimony to the cold, formal, and arbitrary disposition of the legal mind! Here you see no flutterings of a heart. That designing young woman from the place which exists to illustrate the harmonious beauties of English pronunciation made no secret of her purpose. A visitor, forsooth! No doubt, she told a pitiful story simply to raise a too ardent sympathy in the solicitor's bosom. And he responded by asking for his fee! Here you have an admirable expression of the popular idea about solicitors. A barrister is different: he yields at once to the charms of his client when he defends her in court. A judge is different; indeed, he has a notorious weakness for the sex. But the solicitor is adamant; and, with this reputation to sustain, what wonder that he should bring an action for libel when he is publicly stigmatised as "love-stricken"?

The judge who tried the action denounced it as frivolous, and the jury trampled on the plaintiff with scorn. How could a soft impeachment of love, they asked, be libellous? The judge sternly said that this was the kind of litigation he was determined to repress. Why should the newspapers be exposed to actions for libel on the flimsiest grounds? This is very well, but I submit that the fair fame of solicitors is at stake, and that newspapers have none to lose. We are always traducing somebody, we satellites of the Comic Spirit; and that is universally regarded as our avocation. But to charge a solicitor with the delirium of love is to accuse frost of heat, adamant of passion, and to say that a calculating eye for the fee has abandoned arithmetic and turned Cupid's messenger! The whole character and credit of solicitors hung in the balance; and I deplore the judicial prejudice which, unmindful of the services of solicitors in the days when even great judges are only rising barristers, turned the scales in favour of a hardened Press!



HOW THE SUN WAS BLOTTED OUT AT QUETTA.

On January 22 the sun suffered total eclipse, and the phenomenon was watched from six different astronomical stations in India. The period of total eclipse was two minutes, the shadow track crossing the centre of India. A unique series of photographs of the corona were obtained, and the cinématographe was used with great effect.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BREMNER, QUETTA.

THE HOMING PIGEON.

What the coach-horse was to our fathers in pre-railway days was the homing pigeon ere the telegraph meshed the map of England. Released by steam and electricity from the drudgery of letter-carrying, the whilom king's messenger and emissary of merchant princes is to-day a plaything; though the Admiralty within the last few years have been making organised endeavour to press him into the service of the State. The homing pigeon is now a national institution, though, like the thoroughbred horse, bred almost exclusively as a racer. Dwellers in darkness without the enlightened circle of the fancy, blind scribes who know not a Blue Cheq from a Short-faced Antwerp, are prone to error and apt to regard Carrier and Homer as interchangeable terms. We are told that the former was possibly the post-bird of the ancients, but for long past the Carrier has been but a fancy bird reared only for exhibition, a stranger to lofts and tosses. The Homer is a distinct breed of several varieties; the racing-bird is bound by no scale of "points," such as guide the judges at pigeon shows; his merits are measured by speed and homing instinct alone. The best long-distance birds are descended from Belgian stock. Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier many years ago introduced the Belgian system of racing, whose superiority caused its ready adoption in England. As every bird in a race has its own winning-post—to wit, the loft of its proprietor—it is obvious that a somewhat elaborate plan of action must be followed to avoid dispute or fraud. All the intended starters in a race are sent first to the "marking station," where officials place a secret mark either on the flight-feathers or round the leg of each bird; this done, the pigeons are placed in hampers, which are carefully sealed and despatched in care of the "convoyer" to the starting-place, or "tossing" point, it may be two hundred miles away, where they are given into the charge of the starter, whose assistants release the birds at the proper moment. A big "toss" is a beautiful sight. For a few seconds the air is loud with the whistling wing-beat of a cloud of circling pigeons; a few seconds more and every bird is out of sight, homeward bound. Each owner is on the watch at his own loft, and the instant a bird comes to hand he reads off the secret mark, and telegraphs it to the judge. He does not wire the time at which the bird arrives; the distance between his house and the telegraph office has been carefully measured, and a "running allowance" of time proportionate to the distance is deducted from the time at which the telegram was handed in at the office.

imbued with a sense of his responsibilities; he has an irritating habit of pitching on a neighbouring roof to plume himself and duck and coo instead of going straight into his loft on arrival, whereby is madness upon the house-top and gnashing of teeth—you can pardon the strong emotions of an owner thus debarred from reading the secret mark his fingers itch to put on the wires, for races are lost and won by seconds.

That a pigeon whose loft is in Hampstead, sent to York and released, would punctually find its way back to London again is an idea that is

now pretty thoroughly exploded.

All pigeons have that singular power of orientation called the homing instinct in greater or less degree, and it reaches its highest development in the Homer; but racing birds are regularly trained over any line they will be called upon to fly. Their education begins when they are about three months old, and the beginners are "tossed" half a mile or so from home. Next time the owner releases them, perhaps two miles away, over the same line of country; the next, three or four miles, and so on, increasing the distance by regular gradations. The average mean speed of the Homer's flight has been calculated at thirty-eight miles per hour; but the pace depends much on the prevailing wind. In 1868 M. Delamotte, of Brussels, won first prize in a race from Orleans with a bird that attained a speed of 2175 yards per minute, thanks to the gale which was blowing from the south-west. Five hundred miles in a day has sometimes been accomplished in this

country; on June 29, 1896, Mr. G. P. Pointer's Motor flew from Thurso to London, 501 miles, and exactly a year later the West Lancashire Saturday Federation entered for a race from Marennes in France, 530 miles distant, and counted forty birds home before 8 p.m. on the day of the "toss." The longest flight recorded in Britain was from the Shetlands to London, 600 miles; but in this case the bird did not arrive on the day of release.

Homers do not fly at night, and if tossed more than a day's journey from home are more than likely never to reach their lofts at all. In 1862 a race was arranged from Rome to Belgium, over 800 miles; two hundred birds were released at 4.30 a.m. on July 22, and the first arrived home at 1.55 p.m. on Aug. 3, the second at 8.15 p.m. on the same day, and the third at 5.40 a.m. on the next. Others arrived on Aug. 6, 10, and 12, while the ninth did not turn up till the 18th, having spent four days short of a month on the journey. Only twenty birds out of the two hundred regained their homes, but the marvel is that any of them ever found their way back.

Premier Revenu is a famous bird: he has been tossed in the Belgian Grand National Race (590 miles) every year since 1893, and, though he



A MODEL HOMER LOFT.

M. JUBION'S PREMIER REVENU.
From a Painting by V. Baldon

MR. F. E. HARPER'S 1896 DARK-BLUE CHEQUER COCK.

Thus, if a telegram is timed 3.6 p.m. by the receiving clerk, and the sender's house is five minutes' run from the telegraph office, it is assumed that the pigeon whose mark is wired arrived home at one minute after three o'clock. The Homer, unfortunately, is not always

has never come in first, has always been a prize-winner among seven or eight thousand competitors. As becomes so distinguished a pigeon, his portrait has been painted, and from this the photograph was taken. Mr. Harper's bird is also a celebrity, having, in Turf language, been "placed" in four great English races. c.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

SIR GAVAN DUFFY ON HIMSELF.*

We have all been edified recently by an account of Joseph Arch reading through the keyhole of a church door his first agrarian lesson. How the same lesson was, so to say, flogged into Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in his youth may be read in the most instructive and delightful of autobiographies—"My Life in Two Hemispheres." Young Duffy's zeal on behalf of the Catholic candidate for his native town cost his parents the bulk of their income, which was derived from the rents of houses leased to them by the Protestant candidate—

When the ordinary renewal was demanded, the agent announced that he would not continue as tenants a family which reared such a firebrand, and the houses built or bought by my father were confiscated by the landlord. This peremptory decision started me in life with a lively impression of the land system in Ireland, which in good time bore fruits.

It bore such fruit that it would be hardly too much to say that the Irish landlords owe indirectly to-day the loss of the bulk of their income to this landlord confiscation of the bulk of the income of the Duffy family, since both the land agitation and the lever—independent Parliamentary opposition—to which it owed its success were suggested, and indeed initiated, by Duffy and his lieutenants. Duffy's own lever was journalism, to which he served his apprenticeship in Dublin as sub-editor of the *Register*. What education he brought to the calling was of his own achieving, as he had little schooling, and that little poor; but, on the other hand, he was a born journalist in his singularly happy capacity for acquiring and imparting knowledge, no less than in his tact, temper, insight into men and matters, and diplomatic adaptation of means to ends. This was soon recognised, and sent him to the front as captain in the enemy's stronghold, Belfast, of an anti-Orange battery, the *Vindicator*. Belfast is a hot corner for Catholics to-day, but in those days it was made as hot for them as the Orange alternative to Connaught for their eternal home.

These, in fact, were the *Saturnia Regna* when it was possible to appoint as the Sub-Sheriff, who selects the juries, a man who owed himself to an Orange jury his escape from the gallows for the murder in open day of a Papist. It may be imagined that young Duffy had his baptism of fire as editor of the *Vindicator* in a city where the attempt to vindicate a wrong was itself an iniquitous wrong. He had now acquired sufficient experience of men and things, of journalism and politics, to warrant the high hopes with which he founded, in 1842, the *Nation*—hopes which were more than fulfilled. The *Nation* was edited with such consummate ability by Duffy that it was enthusiastically appreciated alike by the educated and by the ignorant, and extorted the admiration even of Carlyle. It was not so much the ability of the *Nation*, however, as its purity, sincerity, and passionate patriotism which went straight to the heart of a people who were beginning to see through the hollow hopes of Repeal with which O'Connell was amusing them and himself. Carlyle did not more detest shams than the *Nation* writers, and, as the shams returned the compliment of hatred, the journal found itself between the two fires of O'Connell and the Catholic hierarchy, who made against it the dread charge of infidelity; and of the Castle, who with more reason accused it of sedition. Duffy, in fact, was playing a very dangerous game against adversaries with loaded dice, and the singular skill with which he played it foreshadowed his future success as a statesman in Australia. None of all the rebels of '48 was pursued with such unrelenting vindictiveness, yet none but he escaped. In his strong but bitter letter to Lord Clarendon, the Viceroy, he says with perfect truth—

You selected me from my colleagues for special vengeance, and I alone have escaped you. There are twelve judges in Ireland, my lord, and I have stood before ten of them in succession to answer your indictments. There are but six Commissions of Oyer and Terminer in a year, and I was carried before five of them at your instance. One bill of indictment on one charge is the ordinary practice of criminal law: I answered five bills of indictment exhibiting the same charge, each in a new and aggravated form.

In fact, the Castle strained every Court and every law and every nerve to secure Duffy's conviction upon one charge or another, and if it failed in all it was chiefly owing to the consummate address of its antagonist. His other opponent, the Church, however, was more successful, and through its persistent and uncandid opposition Duffy was driven to emigrate to a country to which he had but just escaped transportation. Cardinal Cullen, with all the Catholic hierarchy and gentry at his back, preferred to lean on such rotten reeds as Sadleir, Keogh, and Reynolds, because of his Eminence's rooted conviction that Duffy was an Irish Mazzini in his implacable enmity to the Church! No sooner, however, did Duffy begin to make his mark as a statesman in Australia than he was opposed tooth and nail with no more bitterness, but with much more reason, as the fanatic friend of the Church! This opposition he beat down or lived down, and it is now universally acknowledged that the colony to which he gave his services has had no abler, juster, or stronger Minister. What the *Spectator* said of his policy was the simple truth—

If anybody wishes to know what the Empire loses by English inability to conciliate Irish affection, let him read the speech addressed by Mr. Gavan Duffy, the new Premier of Victoria, to his constituents. It contains the programme of the new Government he has formed in Melbourne, and we have not for years read a political manifesto so full of character and power. Mr. Duffy is an Irishman, a Catholic, and a rebel, a typical man of the class which we English say can neither govern nor be governed: but he speaks like the man for whom the Tories are sighing, the born administrator, utterly free of flummery and bunkum, clear as to his ends, clearer still as to his means, ready to compromise anything except principle, but giving even to compromise an impression of original force.



SIR GAVAN DUFFY.

Reproduced from "My Life in Two Hemispheres."

The man whom our Government did all it could to send to Australia as a convict, became there Minister of Public Works, Minister of Lands, Speaker, and Prime Minister, and, as the final crown of a brilliant, romantic, and honourable career, was invested with the Order of Knight Companion of St. Michael and St. George, in place of being branded as a felon. What Juvenal says of different men is true here of the same man, but in different countries: "Ille crucem secleris pretium tulit, hic diadema"—"secleris" being translated by Sir John Harrington's "treason." Though, perhaps, he could hardly complain—he does not complain—of the British Government's objection to a journal whose tone and tendency is fairly indicated by Lord Plunkett's happy pun—

The ultimate ends of the *Nation* were well understood. Lord Plunkett, who presided in the Court of Chancery, and still took a certain interest in affairs, was discovered by his friend one morning in his robing-room reading the new journal. "What is the tone of the *Nation* to-day?" his friend demanded.

"Wolfe Tone," replied the old man.

Sir Charles sits down at eighty to record with all the brightness and buoyancy of youth the singularly instructive, interesting, eventful, and honourable experiences of a modern Ulysses—

Much have I seen and known: cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all.

RICHARD ASHE KING.

A NEW LIGHT ON JOHN BRIGHT.

Mr. Vince's *Life of John Bright* (Blackie) is a careful, serious-minded, reliable little book, much more intelligently critical than books of its kind generally are, and contains a comprehensive survey of the whole of the statesman's career, save of his conduct in the Irish question. There is no very good general reason why this should not be frankly written about now; but the probable explanation of the omission is that the writer is a dweller in Birmingham, where good citizens grow nervous whenever Ireland is mentioned. The criticism of Bright's oratory is rather finicking and rather useless. After all, you must judge a dead orator, as a dead actor, by his reputation, by the effect he had on his generation. You cannot discount it by pointing to literary faults: and it is vain to do posthumous honours to an unrecognised Demosthenes whose periods are impressive in print.

* "My Life in Two Hemispheres." By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. London: T. Fisher Unwin.



MISS SADIE JEROME AS ALADDIN, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANIADO AND BELL, MANCHESTER



MISS GRACE LANE AS PRINCESS BADRALBADOUR, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANIADO AND BELL, MANCHESTER.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Everybody who visits the Millais Exhibition should fortify himself with Mr. Spielmann's "Millais and his Works," which Messrs. Blackwood have just issued for the occasion. It contains, among other features, a reprint of an article by the dead painter on "Thoughts on our Art of To-day," a short biography and appreciation by Mr. Spielmann, a chronology of the pictures, and notes not only on the exhibits at the Academy, but on many other paintings not accessible to the public. Mr. Spielmann notes it as a curiosity, in reference to the reproach sometimes urged against Millais of being "middle-class," that no important work of his, not in a National or Municipal Gallery, is in the hands of other than "middle-class" people. The exceptions are portraits "executed for the sake of the sitter rather than for that of the picture or its painter." Millais himself demurred to the charge of playing to the crowd. "If I wanted to paint a 'popular' picture," he once said, "I should paint an old man in spectacles reading the Bible by the fireside, and the fire would be reflected in his spectacles. And I should paint a tear running down by his nose, and the fire should be reflected in the tear. That would be a 'popular' picture, I can tell you." Mr. Spielmann counts it to him for righteousness that he never painted that picture.

Millais was, in truth, a somewhat severe critic of his own work. "Give me some champagne," he said one day, as he rushed into Lord Leighton's house. "I'm quite ill. I've been seeing all my old work"—it was at the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition of his pictures in 1886—"all my past misdeeds have been rising up against me! Oh, the vulgarity of some of them, my dear fellow! The vulgarity! But some fine things, mind you!" The trouble of it was that his admitted failures were precisely those on which he spent most time and trouble. "I've painted good pictures and bad ones too," he told Mr. Spielmann, "but the bad ones have invariably cost me more time and pains than the good ones." Once he painted a sleeve five times over before he was satisfied with it, and then a critic chose that particular sleeve as an example of "summary carelessness." Similarly, he was induced to modify the head of the plain little girl in "The Woodman's Daughter," and spoiled the picture by it. "For my part," he says in his own article, "I have often been laboured, but whatever I am, I am never careless. I may honestly say that I never consciously placed an idle touch upon canvas. . . . Yet the worst pictures I ever painted in my life are those into which I threw most trouble and labour."

I paid a visit the other day (writes a Paris correspondent) to the studio of M. Aimé Moret in the Rue Weber, and had the privilege of

work. When the visitors beheld the striking features of the unfortunate Princess, dressed just as she was on the day of the Bazar de la Charité fire, there was a moment of indescribable emotion, and the Duke could



THE BLIND GIRL.—PAINTED BY MILLAIS IN 1856.
Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Birmingham.

hardly find words with which to express to the painter his gratitude and admiration. It may be added that this rising young painter has just completed several interesting portraits, among others those of Sir Edgar Vincent and Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.

M. Falguière has just completed his statue of Cardinal Lavigerie. The prelate is represented in the act of walking. With one hand he is giving the benediction, with the other he holds a cross which he is about to plant in the ground, as though to take possession of it. This statue, which will be erected in Algeria, will be in bronze.

A Boston correspondent, referring to an article upon the new Congressional Library at Washington, objects to the sentence in it to the effect that, "unlike most of America's architecture, this building was designed and executed by a native engineer, General Thomas L. Casey, assisted by Mr. B. R. Green and many of her prominent artists"—

This sentence, as it stands, is misleading. The original plans of the building, accepted in 1886, were those of Messrs. Smithmeyer and Pelz. In 1888 the entire work of construction was placed in General Casey's hands, the services of Mr. Pelz, one of the original architects, being continued. Mr. B. R. Green, engineer, was appointed superintendent of works. In 1892 Mr. Edward P. Casey was appointed architect, and much of the later architectural detail was either put in place under his direction or designed by him. To him is due also the general scheme of decoration carried out by eminent sculptors and painters of the United States. A tablet in the building tells this in brief: "Erected under the Acts of Congress of April 15, 1886; Oct. 2, 1888; and March 2, 1889, by Brig.-Gen. Thomas Lincoln Casey, Chief of Engineers, U.S.A.; Bernard R. Green, Superintendent and Engineer; John L. Smithmeyer, Architect; Paul J. Pelz, Architect; Edward Pearce Casey, Architect."

A SONG OF MARCH: HYACINTHS.

Sing a song of hyacinths,
Larkspur's not so blue;
Never any gallant rose
Gathered from a garden-close
Redder blushed than you,
Honey-coloured, white as sleep—
Sweet and cold, your state you keep
From the careless crowd;
Crocuses that overgild,
Close-cropt lawn and open field,
Snowdrop in her shroud,
Yellow tulips bubble-clear,
Budding thrift, may all be dear
As they're fair to see.
Yours be sage and snowdrop still,
Violet and the daffodil—
Hyacinths for me!

NORA HOPPER.



THE MINUET.—PAINTED BY MILLAIS IN 1866.
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Graves and Co.

seeing his portrait of the late Duchesse d'Alençon, a portrait which he is painting after documents and anterior portraits placed at his disposal by the Duc d'Alençon. A few days before my visit, the Duke, accompanied by the Queen of Naples and the Comtesse de Trani, inspected M. Moret's

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MARCH.



"Why are you not at Sunday School, my little men?"
"'Cos father says that out-o'-doors is 'ealthier."



USEFUL INFORMATION.

FAIR CYCLIST : Is this hill at all dangerous, my lad ?

INTELLIGENT YOUTH : I doan't know, Mum. P'r'aps it be, an' p'r'aps it baint ; but when ye gets to th' bottom, my fayther's there—just ye ax him, he'll tell ye in a moment, Mum, aye, that he will !

THE KAISER AND HIS HORSES.

The Emperor William, always eager to lead the way, likes a good piece of horseflesh. In pursuit of this fancy of his there is a subtle irony in his having to come to England, for his horses are usually of English breed, although on rare occasions he buys them made in Germany. The training of all horses belonging to the Emperor and his suite is entrusted to the Master of the Horse, and it is this high official who himself rides



SIEGFRIED, ONE OF THE EMPRESS'S HORSES.

all those which are ultimately intended for his Majesty's personal use. This post of Master of the Horse must be an extremely responsible one, when one remembers that the safety, not to say the life, of the Emperor depends on the trustiness of the horse, especially on such occasions as military manœuvres and reviews, where the ruler's whole attention is engrossed with the troops.

Most notable of all the Kaiser's horses is his English charger Herzog (Duke), who won universal admiration when his master appeared on him

on the occasion of the unveiling of the late Emperor's statue. Certain horses are associated with certain uniforms and special occasions; thus Extase is ridden by the Emperor when he dons the uniform of his bodyguard, and the spring review at Potsdam always sees him seated on the same beautiful charger. In Cuirassier uniform the Emperor rides Rameses, which, on account of his sure-footedness, is always ridden at army manœuvres in rough and hilly districts. Helios, a small chestnut, is used for hunting and also for light cavalry manœuvres. It was this horse which was lent to the Czar during his visit to Breslau in 1896. Gustavus, a small grey horse, although only ridden by the Emperor when he is in Hussar uniform, was declared by Lord Lonsdale to be the best saddle-horse in the Imperial stables. Among numerous other horses, Potrimpos, Hauptmann, Favorit, and Markgraf, all have been bred in Germany or Austria, while Kurfürst, Beauty, and Dunois are quite English.

The Empress has her own Master of the Horse, who has under his charge all the horses ridden by herself and suite, as well as those belonging to the young Princes and the pony of the little Princess. The Empress is an excellent horsewoman, and is always irreproachably mounted. In our picture she is seated on her beautiful mare Kriemhilde, and is wearing the uniform of the 2nd Cuirassiers, whose honorary colonel she is, and whose uniform she wears at all great functions which she attends on horseback. Two others, Esther and Epamiondas, share with Kriemhilde her Majesty's favour as mounts for reviews and manœuvres, but, for ordinary riding exercise, she prefers her English chestnut Siegfried, whose picture we give. Special grooms are appointed for the training of these ladies' horses, and no pains are spared to make them thoroughly reliable and under control. To accustom the horses to the fluttering of the riding-habits, a piece of cloth is often made use of, fastened by a strap round the groom's body or merely attached to the saddle. The young horses have also to be made accustomed to the sound of the firing of cannon and rifles, as well as to martial music. Any day one may see on the parade-grounds round Berlin groups of mounted grooms from the Imperial Stables riding in close proximity to the drummers or standing within earshot of the rifle and artillery practice; in fact, the horses have to undergo as elaborate and precise a training as is carried out in every department of German education.

The interest in horses and horsemanship has certainly spread in the Fatherland to an astonishing extent since the accession of William II., especially among the aristocracy and upper classes, and it is not surprising that the young lieutenants who try to copy their Kaiser in everything, even to any personal peculiarities or mannerisms, should have developed—or, at any rate, affect—a love for a good horse. As far as the women of Germany are concerned, ten years ago in some parts of North Germany the sight of a woman on horseback was almost unknown. Riding for ladies was considered unseemly, and not one of the accomplishments at all desirable for the budding *Hausfrau*. For the breaking down of these prejudices her countrywomen may thank the Kaiserin, who has showed to the nation at large that a good *Hausfrau*—and the Kaiserin is universally acknowledged as exemplary in this respect—and a good horsewoman are not incompatible.



THE EMPEROR ON EXTASE.



THE EMPRESS IN CUIRASSIER UNIFORM ON KRIEMHILDE.

THE ELDORADO OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY W. H. S. AUBREY, LL.D.

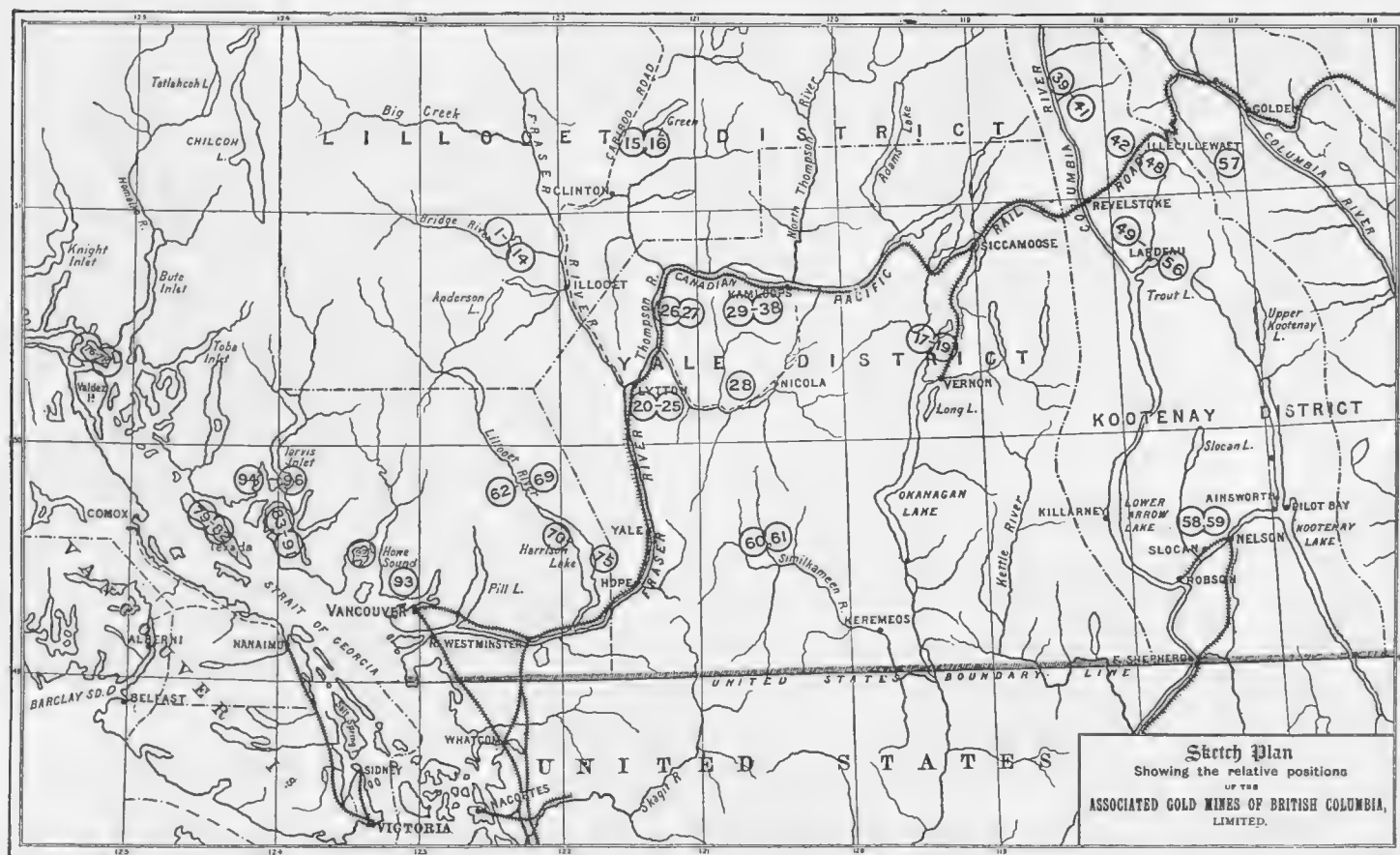
(Author of "The Rise and Growth of the English Nation.")

Public attention has been drawn of late to the vast auriferous wealth which has been brought to light in British Columbia. That province has an area of 385,300 square miles, or more than three times the size of the United Kingdom. It has lofty mountain ranges, immense forests, many fruitful valleys, large rivers, a seaboard of a thousand miles in extent, inexhaustible fisheries, and vast agricultural possibilities, besides mineral wealth, the extent of which it is almost impossible to overestimate. In the southern portion the climate is superior to that of Southern England or Central France. In this section snow seldom falls, and then it lies only a few hours or days. Dr. George M. Dawson, C.M.G., of the Dominion Government Geological Survey, and Mr. William Ogilvie, of the Land Survey Department, certify to the mineral resources of this great British dependency.

The Hon. James Baker, Minister of Mines, gives in his last report full particulars of the various districts. The mineral lands are open to location by any person having a free mining licence, which costs five dollars per annum, but only one claim of 1500 feet square, equal to fifty-two acres, can be staked off by one person, and he must conform to the regulations of the Mineral Acts. Possessory rights are secured by doing 100 dollars' worth of work on the claim in each year, or by

the early stages of development, when the vast area of hidden wealth is considered. Great strides, however, have already been made, and many of the camps are completely equipped for mining operations. In the Lardeau, Big Bend, and other parts of this rich region, mining is profitably carried on, and, as capital is acquired through the working of the mines, or is brought in, the output of ore will be immensely increased. Capitalists and practical miners have shown their unbounded confidence in West Kootenay by investing millions of dollars in developing claims, equipping mines, erecting smelters, building tramways, &c., and an eminent American authority speaks of it as "the coming mining empire of the North-West." In 1896 the population of West Kootenay was trebled, and the year witnessed the creation of a number of new mining-camps, which astonished the world with their phenomenal growth and prosperity. There are valuable timber limits in different parts of the country, and saw-mills are in operation. One of the desirable features of British Columbia for mining is the presence in all places of timber, and in most of water also.

Revelstoke is the gateway to the great West Kootenay mining-camps. It is situated on the Columbia River, which, twenty-eight miles below, expands into the Arrow Lakes, whence there is steamer communication to Nakusp. The opening of the Nakusp and Slocan Railway to Sandon, with the establishment of a steamboat service on the Slocan and the Okanagan Lake, has done much to develop the district. Geologists and mining engineers of authority state that within a radius of twelve



PLAN OF THE ASSOCIATED GOLD MINES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(The Numbers refer to the Ninety-six Mines.)

paying that amount into the Treasury of the Province. When 500 dollars' worth of work has been done, the owner of the claim can secure a full title by means of the Crown grant of the land, after which no annual assessment is required.

Cariboo has been thus far the best known, because it has attracted numerous settlers, but there are immense treasure-fields lying to the south of it. Lillooet, for instance, is rapidly assuming importance as a gold-producer. The Golden Cache and many other valuable mines are being operated, and quartz-bearing veins are being developed. In the districts of Yale and Kamloops placer-mining has been successfully carried on for years, and rich mineral discoveries have recently been made, carrying gold and copper.

Lillooet district lies directly south of Cariboo, and is bisected by the Fraser River. The country is as yet only sparsely peopled, the principal settlements being in the vicinity of the river, though there are others which, when the projected Cariboo Railway is built, will rapidly become of more importance. This district is rapidly coming to the front as a gold-producer. West Kootenay district lies east of Yale, and extends north and south from the Big Bend of the Columbia River to the international boundary, embracing, with East Kootenay (from which it is separated by the Purcell range of mountains), an area of 16,500,000 acres. West Kootenay is chiefly remarkable for its great mineral wealth. Marvellously rich deposits have been discovered in different sections, and new finds are almost daily made. There is still a large area not yet prospected, which will doubtless yield even more phenomenal returns of precious ores. It is a country of illimitable possibilities, but is only passing

miles of Rossland Nature has deposited more golden store than in any similar area on the globe. Rossland is the site of such famous mines as the War Eagle, Iron Mask, Nickle Plate, Le Roi, and others, the value of the ore from which ranges from twenty-five to two hundred dollars per ton. Le Roi mine, in particular, may be ranked among the great gold-mines of the world. It was opened up four or five years ago by men of limited means. It is now paying £10,000 per month in dividends. Rossland has risen since the first year of its existence from a camp of three hundred miners to a city of between five and six thousand people, whose numbers are rapidly increasing.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has completed its extension from Revelstoke to Arrow Head, adjacent to which is the Lardeau district, rich in galena ore and gold quartz, and placer claims on which active work is being done. From this point to Trout Lake a good road has been built by the Provincial Government. Where the first spur lines will be built from the Crow's Nest Pass Railway to the North Star and Sullivan group of mines, Nature has provided two passes through the mountains, either of which can be selected, and the grade will be comparatively easy. The Crow's Nest Pass Railway will stimulate activity, for there is no doubt but that the rich mineral lands abutting will be thoroughly explored as the means of egress and ingress improve. One hundred miles of that railway are already built, and one hundred and fifty more are expected to be finished by the end of the present year. Waggon-roads have been made from various central railway points into the different mining districts, and many others are about to be built. Large fields of coal and oil are being discovered.

For the purpose of acquiring and developing ninety-six of what are believed to be the most valuable and promising mining properties in the Province, and also to acquire from time to time, as opportunities offer, similar properties, the Associated Gold Mines of British Columbia,



WAGGON-ROAD, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Limited, was incorporated on Jan. 14, 1898, with a capital of half-a-million. It is also intended to carry on the gainful business of transport and trading in machinery, tools, mining implements, food, clothing, and all the necessities of life and industry, the profits of which are likely to be enormous. The properties which have been acquired promise, in the judgment of competent authorities, to yield extraordinary results. The most valuable claims have been selected, after a thorough inquiry and investigation by experts, spread over a lengthened period. The encircled numbers on the sketch-plan show the approximate locations. One important and promising feature is their proximity to mines like those mentioned below, which have yielded and are continuing to yield enormous wealth. Another is the abundance of wood and water, for lack of which so many mines have failed. A third feature is that the ninety-six mines are spread over a considerable area, and that each district has its own special recommendations. The districts comprise Lillooet, Yale, Kamloops, Lardeau, Kootenay, and the islands and inlets on the Pacific Coast above Vancouver. Many of the latter being close to navigable waters, the ores can be transported to the smelters at slight cost. Quartz developments are being made on claims situate on Texada Island, and from one of these shipments have gone on for several months. All these ores carry gold, and some of it is free milling.

One important and promising feature is the proximity of the Associated Mines to those which have yielded, and are continuing to yield, enormous wealth. Two of the mines, for instance, adjoin the exceedingly valuable Tangier mine, brought out by the Goldfields of British Columbia, Limited, and are contiguous to the Waverley, another rich mine promoted by the same company. The Tangier was brought to such a state of development by the parent concern that at the statutory meeting on Feb. 17, 1898, an announcement was made of a shipment of fifteen tons of ore, valued at about £350. It was also stated that numerous assays show that the vein, of fifteen feet in width, carries six



SANDON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

pounds' worth of gold per ton and over one hundred ounces of silver. The strong presumption is that this rich vein runs through the adjacent land owned by the Associated Gold Mines of British Columbia.

Another group of three are close to the famous Silver Cup, which is said to be yielding £10,000 monthly. Two others adjoin Morning

Glory, the assay of which is £200 per ton. Two more are contiguous to the successful Iron Mask. The Summit Group of five properties adjoin the Grant Govan, and also the Waverley. Another, the Trahadrah, in Cayoosh Creek, is next the Golden Stripe and the Excelsior, and the gold in that creek is said by Dr. G. M. Dawson to be worth eighteen dollars an ounce. Two others are near the Lucky Strike, and seem destined to become famous in the annals of mining, for the "leads" have been traced 3000 feet, and are workable all the year. One more mine adjoins the well-known Raven and the Van Anda, and, indeed, all the ninety-six belonging to the Associated are in the immediate proximity of other proved mines, and are located on or near to the Canadian Pacific Railroad, or in the vicinity of lakes and rivers, so that transport facilities are great.

It is intended with all speed to bring out a series of subsidiary companies, to which single mines or small groups of mines will be sold, for the purpose of fully developing and working them. Within about a month, for example, it is expected that this will be done with the Robert E. Burns mine, as the necessary arrangements are in a forward state. That property is situated in the Selkirk Mountains, near Golden, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Several veins outcrop on the claim, and one of them is from four to eight feet thick. Thirty assays made from ore on the ground showed an average of fifty dollars per ton in gold, and exceedingly favourable reports have been made on the property by three eminent mining engineers. Besides the above, upwards of twenty of the Associated Mines have been so far developed as to prove beyond all question their permanent dividend-earning capacity. All these properties are so advanced in various stages and so practically workable that clean, good ore can be shipped in almost any quantity immediately, with what the responsible agents and experts in British Columbia state will prove to be large and satisfactory results. Of course, the profits on the resale of these mines and of the others to follow will accrue to the shareholders in the parent company.



A LAKE STEAMER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 67, King William Street, E.C., has courteously supplied most of the particulars and the illustrations given in this article. The company have also done much to diffuse authentic information throughout the United Kingdom on the climate, the products, the mineral resources, the trade, fisheries, and the general development of the Province, with particulars as to the acquisition of land, the location of towns, travelling and banking facilities, and other matters of interest to settlers.

Free schools exist throughout the Province. The means of elementary instruction keep pace with the growth of the population. Nor are the more sparsely-peopled districts neglected. Wherever a minimum daily attendance of at least ten pupils can be secured, the Government supplies a certificated teacher, so that there is scarcely a settlement in the country too small or too scattered for the advantages of a common-school education to be afforded. Last year's return gives over two hundred public schools throughout the Province, educating about sixteen thousand children. About one-fifth of the total revenue is thus disbursed, besides large annual grants from the Department of Lands and Mines for the erection of school-buildings. The salaries of teachers in cities are defrayed out of municipal rates, which also support high schools.

In the early days, during the first mining "boom," and prior to the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the cost of living was high. Growing competition and increased facilities for transportation by land and water have lowered the prices of the necessities of life, which cost no more at the present time than in the adjacent United States territory. They can be purchased at a moderate advance upon the prices ruling in the markets of Ontario and Eastern Canada. Already large numbers are on their way to these inviting fields for enterprise, and it is expected that the advent of Spring will witness a vast immigration into the country. In the judgment of mining and Stock Exchange authorities there is every likelihood of a busy time in the market for British Columbia mining shares.



OKANAGAN LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



YALE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

It is a happy chance that brings out so near together in time two books like Mr. Graham Wallas's *Life of Francis Place* (Longmans) and Joseph Arch's *Autobiography*. Both men belonged to the people; both were famous agitators and organisers; both were anathema to



FRANCIS PLACE.

From the Portrait by G. P. Healy, 1843.

many respectable persons. And two human beings more strongly contrasted in nearly all essentials it would be difficult to find. The labourers' friend, sanguine, confident, pugnacious, extremely British in his hopes, his tastes, his temperament, seems to have very little in common with the Radical tailor, so philosophically patient in his expectations of men, so intellectual in his cast of mind, so disdainful of present popularity; an agitator certainly, yet in his most powerful days stirring not the masses in the open arena, but forming the convictions of the combatants and teaching them the game of politics. Both knew bitter poverty. Place in the struggle of city life knew it more intimately and longer. Both as hard-driven young men were severely respectable. Arch was so naturally enough. He came of a fine, honest, industrious stock, of which one expects grit to be the heritage. But more demoralising surroundings than Place's as a boy would be impossible to conceive. His father kept first a low sponging-house, and afterwards a public-house of a kind no superior as a home for his family. He was a ruffian to boot. Yet, when his son Francis married, still a mere youth, his wife and he were called the lady and gentleman by neighbours who looked on them as terribly exclusive and supercilious. The slight hints given of their respectable poverty make one chilly. On holidays they put on their much and long cared-for best clothes, that their apparent prosperity might frighten away the pity so hateful to their pride. They walked with other holiday-makers in thronged tea-gardens, carrying the children nearly all the way, and returned as they went, "never spending a single halfpenny." Place grew to be a rich man, but his memory was a long one, and his enthusiasm for the cause of the poor, that never knew any cooling till his dying day, had its roots in the remembrance of his poverty.

There never was anyone so unlike the ordinarily conceived type of agitator than this tailor whom Nature meant for a student, who was prudently deferential to his customers, and who was reading them and gauging them and turning them to his own mental uses all the time. "A man to be a good tailor," he said, "should be either a philosopher or a mean, cringing slave." Place chose to be a philosopher. And he was one. When bigwigs, in his successful days, tried to flatter him, he held them at arm's length. If they took the trouble to come and see him, well and good. If not, he was indifferent to his loss. He was a great schoolmaster of politicians, whom he never expected to take his advice—"but if they did not, he dealt very faithfully with them." "I told Bennet" (the Hon. Grey Bennet, M.P.), he wrote, "from the first that I should wear him out, and that he would be obliged either to shun me or lead a dog's life with his Party. . . . He has done so. But next Session he will come again, and, as he certainly means well, I shall be pleased to see him."

Mr. Wallas has done his work with all the intelligence one expects to find in a book of his fashioning, and the comment on Place's labours of one who has also been much engaged as a political educator is valuable and interesting. I find a touch of pathos in the passage where he notes Place's escape from a common danger of public workers: "It often happens that a politician, having started with the idea that he is following the rushing current of popular enthusiasm, and, having found that his real work consists in creating, by all sorts of ingenious shifts, a poor semblance of interest among a deeply indifferent public, comes to think of himself as a charlatan, and of his work as a rather disreputable amusement. Place, however, understood the machinery of politics without despising it."

Mr. John Murray does not often publish poetry, and one looks with interest, therefore, at any verse that has had the honour of being brought out by him. And "By Severn Sea" merits consideration, if examined in the right spirit. Its author is Mr. T. H. Warren, the President of Magdalen, and the verses are such as one expects from a scholar and a gentleman, and the head of an Oxford College. There is much love for the groves of Academe, very nicely expressed; there are admirable complimentary and memorial verses to distinguished persons, though it is a little strong to call Addison, and in italics too, "*Spectator of all being and all time*"; there are reminiscences of youth and of foreign travel; there are the usual choice versions of the classics, and, of course, the usual bad shots at translating Heine—in fact, all that one looks for in the verse of an amiable and cultivated Head.

O. O.

A POWDER-PUFF.

In snowy fluff you masquerade—

As yet.

And powder-puff comes to your aid,
Coquette.

It's make believe, and yet I know,
Your Mother Eve has made you so,
Pierrette.

In fairy guise you skip and dance;
Of lovers' sighs, of gloom and glance,
You're free.

Yet are there hearts you open, sweet—
Your artless arts, your twinkling feet,
The key.

But spring must pass, and summer comes

In place,

When you, alas! must work at "sums"

Apace.

Then you will wear no pinafore;
You'll coil your hair for evermore
With grace.

For me, indeed, I'd much prefer
Short frocks.

This is my creed—how to deter
Such shocks.

But neither time nor tide will wait,
And so my rhyme must bow to Fate,
Which mocks.

If that you keep a powder-puff

When years

Relentless creep, with wrinkles rough

And tears,

You'll hide it well; nor eye of man
Shall see the spell of spick-and-span
Veneers.

To-day you merely show your hand

In jest,

For Nature's clearly fit to stand

The test.

You pose, in fine, before that lens
As only tiny Nines and Tens

Can rest.

J. M. B.



PIERRETTE AND HER POWDER-PUFF.

A Picture taken by Lafayette, of New Bond Street.

"ROMEO AND JULIET," AT OXFORD.

Photographs by Soame, Oxford.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society showed great enterprise in reviving "Romeo and Juliet" for its annual performances this year. On the whole, success attended its efforts, and, though there were some weak spots in the cast, the excellence of the majority was undeniable. Mr. H. M. Woodward made an admirable Mercutio, and, if he reminded one at times—in the Queen Mab speech, for instance—of Mr. Frank Rodney, what better model could he have chosen? Mr. Woodward's Mercutio was certainly the most finished and artistic performance of all, but, when one remembers the difficulties of the part, Mr. Frank Stevens' Romeo was hardly less praiseworthy. In the earlier scenes, however, Mr. Stevens' delivery was rather halting, and hindered the rapid movement of the play. Miss Lilian Collen's Juliet was unequal. In the Balcony Scene Miss Collen was quite good, but she scarcely made enough of her opportunities in the fourth act, either in her visit to the Friar or in the Potion Scene. Mr. Chancellor made a pleasing Paris, and Mr. Hastings' Friar was an excellent elocutionary effort, if not marked by any great originality or

depth of character. A special word of praise must be given to Mr. Radcliffe's Montague—an excellent portrait of an old man, and a great contrast to Mr. Vigor's Capulet, which was quite unnecessarily extravagant. Mr. Mackintosh, who, if we recollect aright, was Grumio in last year's "Taming of the Shrew," had only the small part of Peter, but made quite a hit of it. Miss Margaret Fletcher is an old favourite with Oxford audiences. She made an admirable Nurse, showing to special advantage in the Garden Scene; but the vivacity of her performance went far beyond the senile decay of her "make-up." The Prologue was played, with Mr. W. G. Wickham as the Chorus, but scarcely increased the attraction of the drama, and the final reconciliation of the two houses over the dead lovers was rightly retained, as in the revival of Sir Henry Irving, and, more recently, in that of Mr. F. R. Benson. The play was produced

by Mr. L. R. F. Oldershaw. The dance in the first act was creditably executed, and the street-brawl really quite effective. It was a pity, however, that the duels were not more carefully rehearsed—no one except Mercutio was even passably good in the moments of combat.



BY JULIET'S BIER.



THE COMPANY.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.

The Roman Catholic community in Melbourne have had a function of their own. The ceremonies in which their co-religionists in the Motherland have lately taken part, such as the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Westminster Cathedral and the St. Augustine celebration at Ebb's Fleet, perhaps put the Australians into good heart for a demonstration on similar lines. The consecration of their Cathedral gave them the needed opportunity, and out the Catholic population, clerical and lay, turned in all its strength to do the honours of the occasion. As may be inferred from the dedication of the Cathedral to St. Patrick, the majority of the Roman Catholics of Melbourne are of Irish descent—many of them of Irish birth. The Archbishop of Melbourne himself, the Most Rev. Dr. Thomas Carr, is of that nationality, and he had been Bishop of Galway for three years when, in 1886, he was promoted to the mitre of Melbourne. His rule had its greatest triumph in the consecration of the Cathedral, for that ceremony means, among Roman Catholics, that the building so set apart for religious uses is practically free from debt, an immunity not reached without great zeal in "missionary" lands.

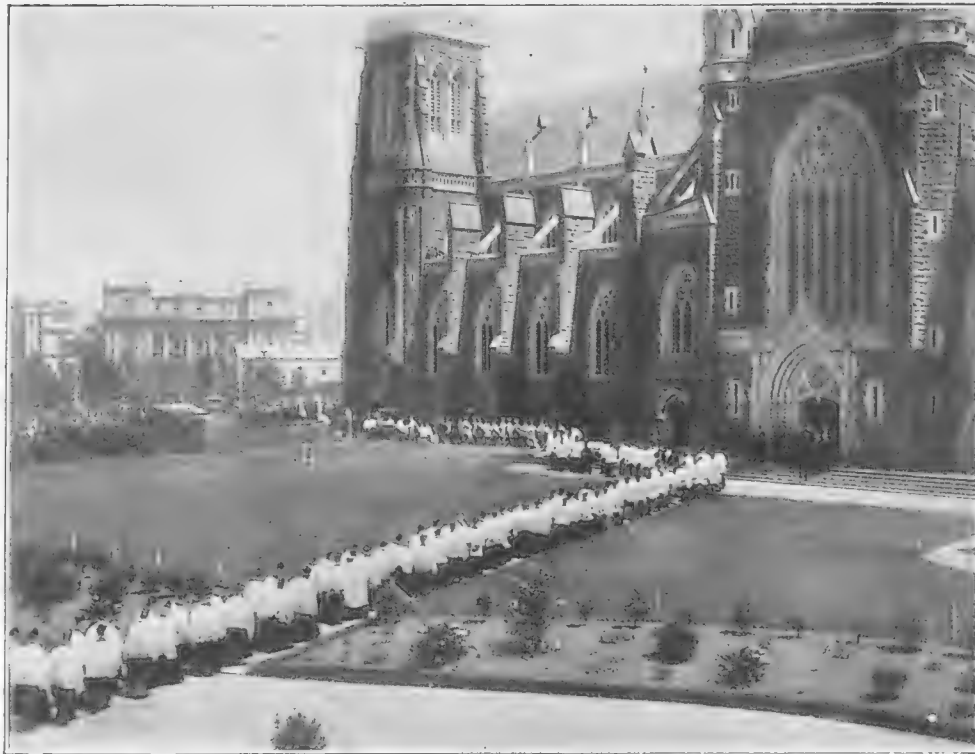
The spread of the Zionist movement has resulted in the arrangement of a London Conference that will be held, under the auspices of a society called "Lovers of Zion," on Sunday next. Invitations have been sent to all institutions that further the cause in any part of the country and to the representative bodies of the Jewish community. While many leading English Jews are not in favour of the movement, few are actively opposed to it; and, though many associations will not be represented at the Conference, they have stated that they bear an open mind upon the subject of Zionism. Of course, the London meeting is not to be taken too seriously, as it can only confirm the resolutions and ideas of the Central Committee that, with Dr. Herzl at its head, sits in Vienna. At the same time, the London Conference must be deemed to have many features of distinct interest, and will serve to prepare the public mind for the next International Conference, which will be held, again at Basle, late in the summer of the present year, if the latest arrangements stand.

THE ART OF ASTROLOGY.

It is a frequent lamentation that the ages of faith have departed, but it is evident that even in these sceptical days there is a great demand for new religions, and that those who have stumbled at "gnats" in the more orthodox faiths have little difficulty in swallowing the innumerable "camels" with which their new creeds are generally provided. It will probably come as a surprise to many that, among the different claimants to the honoured position of the "Religion of the Future," astrology is numbered, and that a serious attempt is being made to revive

the study of this science. The second annual meeting of the Astrological Society was held a few days ago at the Memorial Hall. The effect produced on the mind of any uninitiated person present must have been a curious feeling of bewilderment, as if he had suddenly been transported from the nineteenth to the fourteenth century. The leaders of the Astrological Society believe that, at present, the human race is not yet ready for a full knowledge of the mysteries; but, when the preliminary work has been accomplished, then, as the Americans would say, "a good time is coming." To astrology we shall go as a sort of "Enquire Within upon Everything"; we shall find out the particular diet which suits us best, the localities in which we ought to reside, and the professions in

which we are likely to succeed. In more important matters, if we only trust to astrology, we shall never have to repent a reckless marriage; while in politics party spirit will be banished, statesmen will be chosen by their natal charts, and will always be fitted for their office. Many researches, however, have to be made before astrology is reduced to an exact science. At present, the information given by the natal star appears to be wanting in detail. Mediæval astrologers considered it unfortunate to be born when the moon was in Capricorn; but modern astrologers are inclined to doubt this. Among the celebrated persons who have been born at this inopportune time are included Charles V., George III., Bismarck, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Lord Wolseley, and Barney Barnato, a list so varied that one would be inclined to conclude that the influence of the moon is too capricious to be accurately estimated. The clearing-up of such points is an aim of the Society.



CONSECRATION CEREMONY AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.



CONSECRATION CEREMONY AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, March 2, 6.40; Thursday, 6.41; Friday, 6.43; Saturday, 6.45; Sunday, 6.47; Monday, 6.48; Tuesday, 6.50.

Some of my readers acquainted with Whyte-Melville's novels may remember the Frenchman who, when asked why he disliked fox-hunting, replied with much emphasis, "Mais, Monsieur, je ne cherche pas mes émotions à me casser le cou, moi!" The reason which prompted this Frenchman to limit the range of his *émotions* is, no doubt, the same sort of reason which is at last inducing women not to ride in traffic when the streets are slippery. But, though they have at length decided not to seek danger in that particular manner, they are now courting disaster to a far greater extent than they did a few years ago by purchasing second-hand bicycles instead of new machines. Indeed, the fashion of buying second-hand machines is rapidly increasing, and, as it increases, the list of accidents due to bicycles collapsing, or breaking in two, grows steadily longer. Of course, there are plenty of second-hand machines "as good as new" to be obtained, but the difficulty lies in discovering them. As often as not, even an expert cannot detect a flaw in a machine which has been re-enamelled, and naturally a flaw in a ladies' bicycle is more apt to cause an accident than a flaw in the male machine is, because the strain placed upon the frame of a female machine is so much greater. Indeed, when one thinks of the way in which bicycles are so often neglected, of the blows they receive and the falls to which they are subjected, one wonders that even more second-hand bicycles do not break in pieces. Now, the plan I would advise the would-be purchaser of a second-hand machine to adopt is this: let him send the number of machine to the maker and inquire of him when the bicycle was bought, the price paid for it, the name of the person to whom it was sold, and so forth. This will, at least, give him some data to work upon, and some idea as to the price he ought to pay. At one time I had occasion to buy many second-hand shot-guns, and that was the plan I adopted. It always gave satisfaction.

I am indebted to Miss Jessie Pope for this rhyme of "The Amorous Bicycles: A New Terror"—

Two merry cyclists, young and keen,
Rode side by side each morning,
When skies were fair and hedges green,
And highway surface smooth and clean,
All ignorant of Fortune's spleen.
Alas! may we take warning.

But that the riders hardly count,
'Tis only fair to mention;
Their interest's of small amount,
For in the story I recount
'Tis not the mounted, but the mount
That merits our attention.

He was a wheel of man's estate,
Not delicate nor weighty,
While she who charmed him to his fate
Ran close beside, enamelled slate,
And she was geared to fifty-eight,
And he was geared to eighty.

His saddle-springs squeaked more and more
In tones of tender meaning,
Till one fair night they stopped before
The entrance of the Spotted Boar,

And soon against the stable-door
The bicycles were leaning.

No longer can our hero wait
To plead his frame's devotion;
He is in quite a nervous state,
His bearings throb at such a rate,
And every bit of nickel-plate
Is misty with emotion.

The question's popped and answered
right,

No mortal eye is heeding;
Pedal seeks pedal in delight—
Ah! who shall stay the wondrous
flight,

For down the road in ghostly light
Two empty bikes go speeding?

So, handlebar in handlebar,
Their hopes and fears confiding,
From human ken they journey far,
And, welcomed by the Morning Star
(Says Rumour), even now they are
In Cycle-Hades gliding.

My paragraph about bicycle-polo has brought a little shower of letters tumbling into my lap. The correspondents one and all wish to know whether any rules of bicycle-polo have yet been formulated, and if so, where they can be obtained. In answer I beg to say that a capital set of "Rules of the Game of Bicycle-Polo," by R. J. Meeredy, revised and brought up to date, are published at the office of the *Irish Cyclist*, Dame Court, Dame Street, Dublin, price threepence-halfpenny, post-free.

There are worse ways of replenishing the exchequer than by prowling in Piccadilly after dark. We are told also that 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good. A night or two ago, while cycling through the tricky fastnesses of West Kensington, *en route* for London, my back tyre burst, and, between two and three o'clock in the morning, a pensive cyclist, weary and ill-at-ease, might have been seen wending his way on foot past Devonshire House. I was that cyclist, and before I had wended much further I saw something shining on the ground, obviously a golden sovereign. Eagerly I stooped to examine the strange coin, and, as I did so, another, and another, and another, and yet another, seven of them in all, glimmered upon the pavement! My first thought was of Dawson City, my second of Lord Salisbury and the Chinese Loan—he must have dropped it on his way home, I reflected—and then my attention was diverted by the wheedling tones of a Piccadilly Ranger simpering under a gas-lamp. With a beseeching, pathetic gaze, the Ranger turned his great eyes upon me, and then and there my heart expanded and I flung him my empty purse and went on my way rejoicing. May all your punctures bring you fortune similar to mine, O my readers!

M. Jules Verne long ago took us twenty thousand leagues under the sea in a submarine boat, but now the ocean-bed may be traversed on a bicycle. Mr. David Nilloch, a diver in the employ of the United States' Government, is the pioneer of this mode of locomotion, and has had a machine specially constructed for him with extra large and strong tyres.

Dressed in his diving-costume, he is lowered overboard, with his bicycle under his arm, and on reaching the bottom goes scorching along, to the astonishment of the fishes, mermaids, and other denizens of the deep. One would imagine that the diver's dress was anything but a convenient costume for cycling, and that mounting the machine with leaden-weighted boots might prove a difficult task; also one's preconceived notions of the ocean-bed, with its rocky caves and coral grottoes, do not suggest an ideal cycle-track. But Mr. Nilloch must know best, and, if he enjoys submarine cycling, he is, at any rate, free from molestation by officious policemen, and may scorch to his heart's content with none to say him nay.

Glancing over a catalogue of "bicycle accessories," one wonders if there can be space enough on an average-sized machine to hold them all, and what would be the appearance of the machine when completely fitted out with every invention which we are assured is a boon to the cyclist. The latest accessory that has come under my notice is a self-registering attachment, which delineates automatically every rise and fall of the road passed over. I am unable to explain how the thing works, but the result at the end of the ride is a long strip of paper on which is recorded every hill and hollow and the steepness of every gradient. It is claimed for the invention that it will be of value in



MISS NITA CARLYON.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

military tactics, owing to the rapidity with which a road may be surveyed, nothing more being necessary for the surveyor than a ride along the road in question. He propels the cycle; the machine does the rest.

What is the "motor arm-chair" advertised by a French company? The advantage claimed for it is that, though the petroleum motor is capable of working for twenty-four hours, the chair does not move a single inch! My own arm-chair also has this advantage, without the noise, smell, vibration, or expense of a petroleum motor, and, consequently, I fail to see that the French invention supplies any want. I have often heard of a machine, though I have never tried it, by which horse-exercise may be obtained in the house. This is intelligible. One could also understand that some benefit might be obtained in bad weather by riding a stationary bicycle. But what benefit or pleasure, physical or mental, could result from sitting all day in a "motor arm-chair" is more than I can understand.

One whose name has been prominently before the public of late—M. Emile Zola—is, I am told, a cyclist, and, like everyone else, speaks highly of the wheel as a healthful recreation for literary workers.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The annual trial of strength between the Rugby Union representatives of Ireland and Scotland came off, on the 19th ult., at the Balmoral Grounds, Belfast, in the presence of nearly ten thousand spectators. Ireland relied, with one exception, upon the fifteen which recently overcame England, the only absentee being Lee, who had not sufficiently recovered from the injury he had sustained on that occasion. Gardiner was selected to take his place. Scotland won the match. Of the twenty-one matches played, Scotland has won seventeen, Ireland two, the others being drawn. The players were—

THE SCOTTISH TEAM.

Mark Morrison, J. M. Dykes, G. C. Kerr, H. O. Smith, R. Neilson, R. Scott, J. M. Reid, T. M. Scott, A. R. Smith, W. E. McEwen, J. T. Mabon, Tom Scott, M. Elliott, E. Spencer, and A. McKinnon.

THE IRISH TEAM.

F. F. S. Smethwick, H. Lindsay, W. G. Byron, T. Ryan, M. Ryan, J. MacIlwaine, J. Davies, G. G. Allen, L. Q. Bulger, J. H. Lytle, F. C. Purser, J. H. Franks, L. H. Gwynn, L. M. Magee, and P. O. B. Butler.

RACING NOTES.

According to the students of form, there are quite half-a-score horses in the Lincoln Handicap that have unbeatable chances. I am not surprised at Prince Barcaldine being favourite, as the horse is well in, and I am told Robinson thinks his stable will capture the Lincoln Handicap and the Liverpool Spring Cup, the latter by the aid of

Dinna Forget. I was inclined to throw over Gulistan for his Lincoln engagement, after hearing that he had been fired; but a well-known jockey, who, by-the-by, is not likely to have a mount in the race, tells me that Gulistan is a certainty. On the book he has a big chance if he is sound, but I cannot make him out to be a certainty.

Many of the superstitious order of sportsmen think that, because The Soarer was beaten by Ruric at Hurst Park, the first-named must, as a matter of course, win the Grand National. It must not be forgotten that the stable have Manifesto, and I am told the only horse they fear against last year's winner is Timon, who is just now in the pink of condition. This horse will be ably ridden by George Williamson, an able jockey, who would give one of his fingers to win this race. The horse fell last year when going better than anything in the race, and I think he will stand up this time. In my opinion, Timon is the likeliest horse of the lot engaged to beat Manifesto.

Ninus for the Two Thousand, Dieudonne for the Derby, and Nun Nicer for the One Thousand and Oaks are the prevailing fancies. As I have written many times before, John Porter may have something to say in the Epsom Blue Riband, and I know M. Cannon thinks he will win the race of the year on Batt. On the other hand, John Watts is equally confident that he will carry the Duke of Devonshire's colours to victory. I cannot fancy the chance of Hawfinch, and Wildfowler has not been doing the right sort of work to stamp him as a sound colt. Orzil and Disraeli may both run well, but the issue, I fancy, rests with Batt and Dieudonne. CAPTAIN COE,

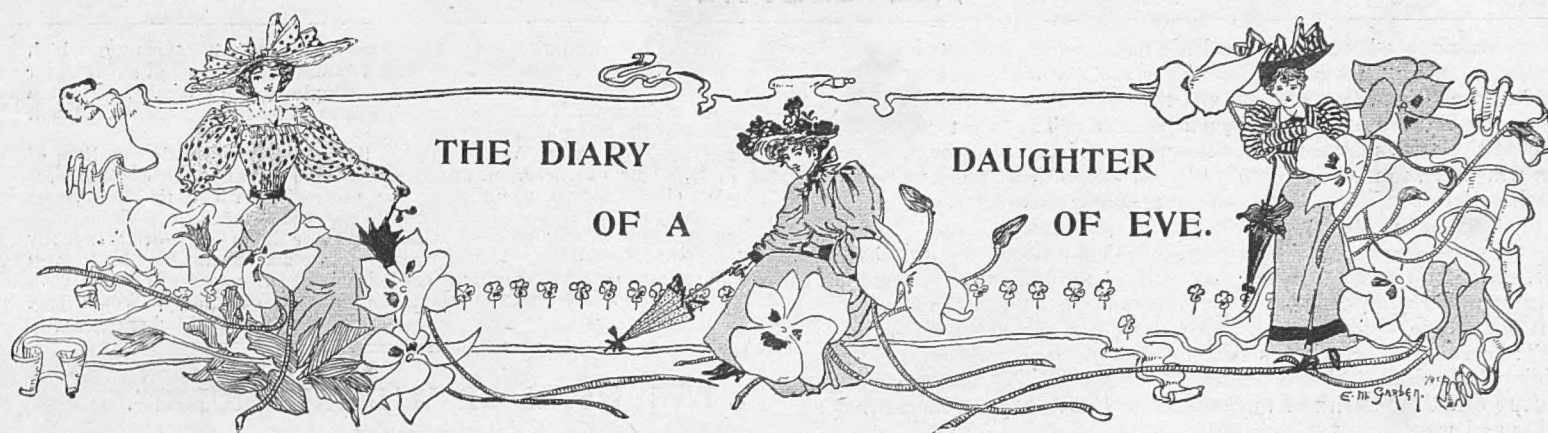


THE IRISH TEAM.



THE SCOTTISH TEAM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLISONS, BELFAST.



Monday.—This morning I took to my bed with a bad cold in my head, which sounds like poetry, but was really most hideous and unbecoming prose. A new pink silk dressing-jacket, trimmed with Irish lace, and a soft square of pink Liberty gauze over my shoulders, failed to disguise from the eye of the beholder that I was not beautiful. I know this because Diana called at twelve o'clock in the morning, and sat at the foot of the bed looking at me with unconcealed contempt.

"Virginia," she said severely, "do not, let me beg of you, see anyone who really loves you under your present conditions. I did come to ask you to dinner; but, even should your imprudence suggest your accepting my invitation, my regard for your reputation would prevent me from allowing you to do so. Stay in bed, pull down the blinds, lock the doors, and keep yourself a secret."

I replied with an aggressive sneeze. Diana sat and gossiped with me while she looked out of the window, so that she could still feel she admired me. She had just met the ideal tailor-made gown, and was enthusiastic over its charms. It was made of grey Venetian cloth, with a perfectly plain skirt, crossed at one side and bearing a narrow shaped frill with no fulness in it. The bodice was tight-fitting into the waist at the back, buttoned closely up to the neck down one side of the front, where it pouched a little over the waistband, which was made of machine-stitched cloth. It fastened with innumerable little silver buttons and cords, the sleeves were of the shirt order, and the machine-stitched cuffs buttoned again with the silver buttons and cords. A little frill of white muslin turned over at the top, which was tied with a plaid ribbon bow, and Diana enviously observed that she wished she had invented it, and could have taken the style unto herself in various colours during the spring and summer. She told me, too, of her new skating-dress of Scotch tendency, with a plaid skirt and a tabbed plain-cloth bodice. She was very much impressed also by the gowns worn by Mrs. Brown-Potter as Pauline, and thought she should have been re-christened the Lady of Lyons Satin and Velvet, by virtue of a wonderful gown of pale blue, with a skirt of soft, thick satin, piped with mauve velvet, a very short Directoire jacket of mauve velvet, cut out at the top to show a little vest of spotted net, the waist encircled with a band of the mauve, tied with two bows at the back, the sleeves falling in bell-shape right over the hands, and being made of the velvet to match the coat. Her short-waisted white satin wedding-dress sounded delightful from Diana's description, and I am yearning to recover my normal health, spirits, and complexion in order to copy her coiffure, which was encircled round from the brow to the back with a band of ribbon decorated in the front with a bunch of flowers and a diamond ornament. Mrs. Brown-Potter always manages to do her hair in some original style. I would there were more women in London of similar ambition towards

such achievement. Life is a monotonous thing when everybody you meet bears the same coiffure, and a hideous one at that.

Thursday.—Julia, suffering keenly from the absence of Arthur's sympathetic companionship, which permits her all privileges, and exacts none, awoke this morning to discover that she had a serious want in her possessions. Having been out to dinner on the previous evening, and been seated opposite a woman wearing one of the new Empire combs set with jewels, she dreamt of its charms, and sent for me hurriedly at eleven o'clock to tell her where to get the like. I am still an invalid, but Julia brooks no denial, like her favourite heroes in fiction. Julia is rather rude to me when she does not want to know anything; she affects to disregard my opinion, and pretends that she does not imagine I am a heaven-born genius and an inspired prophet of the Goddess of Fashion. This is the way she feels when her wardrobe is complete; but directly she has the slightest want, it is "Virginia! Virginia!" all the way. It was not much of a way to-day—only down to the Parisian Diamond Company, 143, Regent Street, where they have a selection of combs positively beautiful. On the light tortoise-shell, and on the dark, garlands of diamonds are inserted with signal grace. Other designs are of the Louis XVI. order—a trellis-work of diamonds covering the comb entirely. These are the ones which I love, and which, alas! Julia bought and I did not. The modern coiffure has a tendency to be rather vacant at its base (where the brain lies—but this is a detail), and these combs undoubtedly supply a want, not of brain, but of ornament. They are remarkably decorative, and the time will come, and very shortly—for we are quick to see such an advantage—when no woman's head will look complete without one. In Paris, I hear, the light tortoise-shell is more worn than the dark, but such selection should depend on the colour we are proposing to wear our locks.

I could not go to the Parisian Diamond Company and buy nothing for myself; so, after I had chosen Julia's comb, I paid myself the little compliment of three diamond slides for a neck-ribbon, and then looked affectionately at some

brooches with pendent diamond ornaments for wearing in the front of ostrich-feathers in the hair. And then Julia took me out to lunch, and insisted upon me eating everything I most disliked and pretending I was enjoying myself. She has a habit of ordering the things she likes best, looking so contemptuous if you do not agree with her that they are most adorable that, rather than be despised by Julia—to such depths I could not sink—I suffer in silence. The menu she should have selected was plovers' eggs, lamb cutlets, fresh peas, and some asparagus. What she did select was—no, I shall not; I have too much respect for Julia to publish her taste in food.

Saturday.—For two solid months have I lived without my sister Nita. She has been wandering the country round in search of warm



DIANA'S NEWEST SKATING-DRESS.

weather for herself, sea-breezes for her little girl, and an immunity from housekeeping cares. What a fuss Nita does make about ordering her husband's daily chop! However, she and the child both look splendid; any excuse would have served for such results. The most notable feature about the child's appearance is the way her hair has grown, and this, Nita whispered to me in impressive tones, was entirely the result of a new wash sent to her by that *dépôt* so mysteriously named "4711" and holding premises at 62, New Bond Street. It is called "Captol," and, according to Nita—whom I really suspect of having a pecuniary interest in its sale, she was so earnest in its praise—it is unrivalled. It cleans and strengthens and stimulates, and does everything that a well-conducted hair-wash should do. "Well," as the old woman observed, "seein's believin'"; certainly that child's hair has grown marvellously, so I shall drink the health of the inventors of "Captol"—if I have any money left to drink the health of anybody after I have bought as many new clothes as I want.

At last the spring fashions have arrived. The best of the walking-dresses are made of a light cloth called "Drap de Chine"; several of them have tight bodices to the waist, and the skirts have shaped flounces from the knees. Most of the decoration is padding or appliqué. The hats are rather small and flat, unless they have turban brims and a decoration of flowers without foliage. Kate Reily has the most beautiful hats I have seen. One of them shows a harmony of pale lavender and mauve chiffon and violet stock—a perfect delight it is to look at. Another, in Panama, has a wreath of leaves of every conceivable colour

BARBARA.—Those Empire combs of the Parisian Diamond Company of which I spoke last week are either made of the dark tortoise-shell or the light; the latter is more popular at the moment in Paris. A simple style of comb has just a straight line of diamonds round the edge, tied into a bow at each corner. I will try and find out the other address you want.

SCOTCH GIRL.—There is a Venetian cloth to be discovered with fine lines of colour in it. One of these, in reseda-green with the line of dark blue, is particularly effective, and would suit you perfectly, with dark-blue velvet facings to the front of the coat. The small hat should be made of lobelia, with two green-and-blue waved quills at one side, and, for the evening-dress, take my advice, and go to Kate Reily, 11, Dover Street. She has the ideal bodice for you at the moment made of little bouillonnées of chiffon and transparent lines of black insertion, with just a fold of cerise velvet outlining the décolletage, which is of V-shape.

VIRGINIA.

THE WORK OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

"Two young men," wrote Rossetti forty years ago to his friend William Bell Scott, "projectors of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, have recently come to town from Oxford and are now very intimate friends of mine. Their names are Morris and Jones." This quotation apropos of the book on William Morris, by Mr. Aymer Vallance (Bell). To us of to-day their names are William Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones; but we, like the founder of the Hogarth Club, recognise the coupling of the two as inevitable. Fast friends at college, they became staunch co-workers through life. The activities of Mr. Morris were, of course, the more various and visible. His many-sidedness was a miracle. He reminds one of those trade magnates who, beginning humbly in one particular "line," widen their grasp from year to year till all commerce is their province. William Morris presented that rarest combination of the business instinct—though he would probably have repudiated the phrase—with the keenest artistic aims. And, curiously enough, his every effort was a protest against modern systems. Loving mediæval art, and recognising that mediæval art could only be produced under mediæval conditions, he sought to reproduce those conditions. "Apart," he said, "from the desire to produce beautiful things, the leading passion of my life has been, and is, hatred of modern civilisation." He has, no doubt, done something to mitigate the barbarities of early Victorian civilisation, so far as domestic environment is concerned. But that was a very fractional fulfilment of his ambition. His quarrel was with the whole fabric of modern industrialism, which he held to be fatal to national art. "Sir," he wrote to the editor of the *Echo*, "I will beg you earnestly to consider if my contention is not true, that genuine Art is not always an expression of pleasure in Labour." So he found himself very much in the position of the Trade Unions who objected to machinery on principle. In the establishment of William Morris and Co. machinery was not tolerated—or tolerated only when absolutely necessary and in its most primitive form—simply because it diminished the personal element in work and so tended to destroy its artistic value "as an expression of pleasure in labour." In every one of his enterprises he went back to the pre-machine and

artistic epoch; even the Kelmscott Press was conducted on Caxtonian principles, and so jealous was Morris of his reputation for originality—"originality is my forte," he told the Technical Education Commission—that he even designed his own water-marks.

It is easy to see how the projection of such a temperament on the plane of politics was bound to breed Socialism. Mr. Aymer Vallance, who in this very handsome volume is critical and appreciative, and as little as possible biographical, traces this in the clearest possible way. Morris's Socialism was simply Ruskin's political economy pushed to its logical conclusions—a worker's application of a thinker's theory. Holding that the only way to true Art was through the pleasure of the worker in his work, and seeing that the tendency of modern industrialism is in precisely the opposite direction, what else could he do but desire to root up that system? Aiming at primitive simplicity, he thought to achieve it by beginning all things anew—by, in fact, the Social Revolution. His quarrel was with everything that came between a man and his work; and he looked forward to the Millennium in the hope that it would reproduce the industrial conditions of Mediævalism. Meanwhile, we are fortunate in having so superb and comprehensive a "record" as this of one of the most picturesque, as well as the most interesting and original, personalities of the age.

AN APOLOGY.

In our last week's issue we omitted to say that the illustrations of hats which appeared on the models were reproduced by the kind permission of Messrs. Scotts, 1, Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, who have a very choice selection of all descriptions of millinery for the coming season. We understand that Messrs. Scotts, Limited, are now issuing an elaborately illustrated list of the latest Parisian novelties in hats and toques.



TWO HATS AT KATE REILY'S.

[Copyright.]

and a bunch of pink carnations at one side. A bright-blue straw is smothered in lobelia, with a blue velvet bow at one side, and is delightful. The simple hats are decorated with a scarf of light chiffon or lace, with two Mercury-wings flapping merrily at one side. A charming novelty is draped with white chiffon, with elaborate applications of black lace, and a small red hat trimmed with shaded red flowers and two red-and-pink flapping wings is pleasing. No. 11, Dover Street, is ever the home of the hat of my dreams.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

GREY MOUSE.—The bodice would look better covered with stripes of black insertion alternating with tucks of pink chiffon; yet, if you have set your mind against the charms of the chiffon, then use pink velvet-ribbon and black lace. Black velvet-ribbon and white lace would make a pretty bodice, but they would bear little relation to the pink.

DOLLIE.—Mappin and Webb, 158, Oxford Street, is the best firm for a bag. I like the suit-case shape, fitted all round, with a place in the centre, and these you can get from any price you like; it depends on the fittings and it depends on the leather, but the shape is good, and will really hold enough clothes to last a couple of days.

WALEY.—I know exactly the fault of that hat, having possessed one suffering similarly. Leave the flowers just as they are, but plant in the centre at one side of the front two waving quills, either of jet or iridescent green. The material you want for the petticoats is called Zenana, silk ribbed on one side and wool on the other. You can get it from Marshall and Snelgrove's, in Oxford Street. A very favourite scent of mine is Rhine Violets, to be procured from the 4711 *Dépôt*, 62, New Bond Street.

BENITA.—Your pseudonym is one very dear to me. It is too late to have that gown renovated; take my advice, and buy a new one in blue serge, a coat and skirt, the coat straight round, the basque just reaching to the hips, with the revers faced with plaid silk striped with little frills of the plaid, the coat to be made to fasten across at one side with fanciful strappings of the blue serge. The skirt should fit tightly to the knees, with the seam of the outstretched flounce concealed beneath a strapping of the serge. Silk blouses will not be much worn this year, I am afraid; all the costumes are supplied with bodices to match their skirts, a little touch of lightness being introduced at the neck by means of a square chemisette of spotted muslin or lace or net.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on March 3

MONEY.

The Central Institution continues to dominate the market, the Bank Return disclosing the fact that an additional amount of not less than £2,711,000 had been borrowed on "Other Securities." Revenue collections still come in freely, the amount paid to the credit of "Public Deposits" being £1,716,363, raising the total to £18,594,790. The return of notes and coin from the country has strengthened the reserve by £605,941. Its proportion, however, to liabilities has fallen from 45.77 per cent. to 44.10 per cent. The announcement respecting the Chinese Loan has not had any very disturbing effect upon the market, general satisfaction being expressed that it was to be launched under British and German auspices. The loan having now been definitely agreed upon, its flotation involving, as it will do, the absorption of a considerable amount of the floating balances from the market, we may naturally expect a hardening tendency for money in the near future.

Owing to the West African scare a considerable depreciation took place in Stock Exchange values during the month. As it happened,

it looked upon them with more satisfaction and the shares actually had a fractional rise on the day. One very important point in the proposals is the Government supervision which Mr. Chamberlain thinks necessary to place over the administration of the company. The necessity of this is quite obvious when we consider the enormous tract of country under the company's control and the illegitimate way in which its powers have been exercised in the past. We apprehend that the directors in London will feel that a very grave responsibility has been taken off their shoulders by the Government having intervened in this direction. The following clause from the proposals will indicate how closely the Government intend to follow the movements of the company—

It is proposed that the Board of Directors shall be required to communicate to the Secretary of State, within eight days of their being passed, all minutes, orders, or resolutions of the Board dealing with administration, and that the Secretary of State shall have power to veto or suspend the operation of any such minute, order, or resolution which may seem to him objectionable.

The directors seem to have reconciled themselves in the main to the proposals, and the quicker they set themselves to making an honest attempt to give their shareholders some return for their money the better. On the present high capitalisation, the outlook is not encouraging; but what shall we think of the chances of those poor unfortunates who were



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE EDITOR OF THE "FINANCIAL TIMES," WITH WHICH IT APPEARS AS A SUPPLEMENT.

however, that there was considerable activity in some departments—notably the American—in the early part of the month, which led to higher prices, the net result has not been so disappointing as it would otherwise have been. The usual table compiled by the *Banker's Magazine* shows the aggregate decrease in the 325 representative securities to have been £6,842,000. English Railways are considerably lower, dividend distributions not having been up to expectations. The decline, however, is also partly due to the deductions of the half-yearly dividends. A net decline of £133,000 took place in Railways in British Possessions, resulting from the reaction in Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific stocks. Despite the heavy fall in Americans towards the end of the month, they were still able to come out with an aggregate gain of £2,764,000 on the shares of the ten selected companies. Mining shares showed an average decline of about 4½ per cent., the selection being chiefly South African. Our monthly contemporary, to whom we are indebted for the above figures, expresses itself thus in the concluding paragraph of its article—

The future course of the Stock Markets would seem at the present moment to be more than ordinarily uncertain. The public abstain, on the whole, from speculating, and professional operators are, for the moment, compelled to pursue the same course owing to the unsettled condition of foreign politics.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

There seems very little vitality left in the market for these shares, else we should have seen a more pronounced movement, one way or the other, when Mr. Chamberlain's proposals as to the future administration of the company were made public. The market hardly knew how to take these proposals on their first inception; but, after some little hesitation,

led to buy at £8 and £9 on the expectation that they would get a good return even on that high price. There is no doubt, moreover, that the shareholders and the public generally do believe in Mr. Rhodes, and the talk of his reinstatement in office under such a form of control as is outlined by Mr. Chamberlain would probably be accepted on both sides of the House except by the few extremists like Labouchere. Whether Mr. Rhodes would care to be a director with such restricted powers is perhaps more doubtful.

THE POSITION OF THE CYCLE TRADE.

The position of the cycle industry seems to be causing not a few of our correspondents some anxiety, and it is not, perhaps, unnatural that they should feel uncomfortable when they glance down the quotations which appear in the daily share lists. In this column we have always taken up the attitude that the shares of cycle-manufacturing companies were not the same class of thing as the corresponding securities of well-established drapery shops, breweries, or, indeed, the majority of industrial undertakings; for it has been notorious these many years that the cycle industry is one in which there are sharp ups and downs. We cannot, indeed, conceive intelligent investors looking upon the shares in any other sense than as of a very speculative nature. The question arises as to what the probable future of the industry will be this year—a question which is difficult, with anything like reasonable assurance, to answer. From inquiries that we have made among the manufacturers, we believe the present position to be that there is a considerable trade doing in high-class goods, but that the cheap machine, and that produced by the unknown maker, is practically hardly selling at all.

Indeed, in the case of one large company which produces three grades of machine, we are told that in the case of the first grade the company is as full of orders as possible, but that, in the case of the other two grades, very few men are at work, and these not full time. Another difficulty is that agents' orders are only worth executing, in the majority of cases, if the public is buying, for the maker cannot force his agents to take large stocks, even if ordered, unless the public are, in their turn, relieving the agents, for such a policy would mean, in most cases, not only bankruptcy for the agent, but bad debts for the manufacturer.

Upon the whole, our view is that the coming season will probably enable reasonable profits to be made, especially by the first-class firms, such as Humber, Elswick, Swift, New Rapid, and one or two more, but that there will be, a very considerable weed-out among many companies that were floated and over-capitalised in the boom, and especially among those that cater solely for the middle or lower classes.

WABASH.

We gather from a New York correspondent that this company anticipates gaining important advantages from its newly secured entrance into Buffalo over the Grand Trunk's system. We hope that these pleasant anticipations may not be dashed to the ground. Wabash securities have played the part of gambling counters for a considerable number of years on this market, and have figured in a comedy play as a representative of this type. When we mention that the Common stock has fluctuated between 17 and $4\frac{1}{2}$ since 1890, the Preferred stock between $34\frac{3}{4}$ and $11\frac{1}{2}$, and the Debenture Bond certificates between $59\frac{1}{2}$ and $17\frac{3}{4}$, the speculative nature of the securities will be apparent. The total funded debt of the company is \$1,534,000 dollars, while the 7 per cent. Preferred stock amounts to 24,000,000 dollars and the Common stock to 28,000,000 dollars. The net receipts to June 1897 show a slight falling-off as compared with the corresponding period of 1896, but the expenditure was reduced in that period by as much as 12,630,000 dollars. The percentage of expenditure to receipts is 69.22, against 72.17 for the year ending June 30, 1896, and the mileage of the company is 1936. As present prices would naturally indicate, there are no dividends paid on the Preferred and Common stock, but in 1896 there was 1 per cent. paid on the "A" Debentures. It is not, therefore, a cheery outlook for the junior securities.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD OUTPUT.

The year 1897, as everybody knows, produced a record yield of gold upon the Rand, but, inasmuch as yield of gold is not half as important to shareholders as some other matters connected—or, to be sarcastic, shall we say, sometimes connected?—with the gold-mining industry, we will look a little into the results achieved in South Africa during last year.

On the Rand we find that 5,325,055 tons of ore was milled, producing gold bullion to the value of £10,583,616, and enabling dividends to be distributed to the extent of £2,792,117, showing an average profit upon every ton treated of 10s. $5\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and, when we come to compare these results with those of 1896, we find that the dividends have risen by nearly 50 per cent., and the profit per ton from 7s. $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. to the figure given above. As usual, the Robinson and Ferreira Mines head the dividend list, the former having distributed £412,500 and the latter £270,000 among their shareholders during 1897, as compared with £330,000 and £247,500 respectively in 1896; but a glance down the list shows that Bonanza, Henry Nourse, Crown Reef, and New Primrose have each during the last twelve months distributed £150,000 or over.

Outside the Rand, the gold-mines of the Transvaal have yielded the sum of £222,990 in dividends during the year 1897, and of this sum the celebrated Sheba Mine has contributed no less than £215,000, so that, with one exception, it may be said in sober truth that practically no payable gold is worked in the South African Republic, despite all we hear of other goldfields.

ISSUES.

The Salsadella Lithographic Stone Quarry, Limited.—This company is asking for subscriptions for 71,667 shares of one pound each, to work a quarry in Spain which has been purchased and developed by the vendor, Mr. John Wood. The whole concern appears very free from the taint of the professional company-promoter, and, if properly managed, should turn out a good speculation. A single district in Bavaria has hitherto supplied all the world with lithographic stone, but, if testimonials from such high authorities as Mr. Orford Smith, of St. Albans, and Bradbury, Wilkinson, and Co., of Farringdon Road, mean anything, to say nothing of the samples of work sent with the prospectus and executed on Salsadella stone, the new quarry is capable of supplying the market with a first-class article. We have seen many more pretentious concerns which we like less than this issue.

The Herne Bay Pier Company is offering 6000 5 per cent. Preference shares of £5 each. There are some kinds of industrial enterprise which people with any care for their money will be sure to avoid, and, above all, pier and marine palace companies should be left severely alone. The fate of the Margate Marine Palace is an object-lesson to those who feel inclined to pour their money into the sea at Herne Bay.

Salvati Jesurum and Co., Limited.—This large Italian conversion is offering £180,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares. The Board is a good one, indeed, as far as we can see, the best part of the concern. Except that all the businesses are Venetian, there is no reason for amalgamation, for they each represent specialities of a different kind. The tangible assets are valued at but £135,000 out of a total purchase price of £300,000, and, as of this about £110,000 is represented by stock and book debts, it looks to us as if, in case of disaster, the people who take these Preferences would go very short. It is the old story of selling your business for what it is worth in cash and keeping all the Ordinary shares as well, so that, if it flourishes after the sale, the bulk of the profit comes into the same pockets as before.

Hudson's Hotels, Limited.—This company is trying to induce the public to subscribe for £125,000 4 per cent. debentures and £75,000 5½ per cent. Preference shares, for the purpose of acquiring some hotels at Scarborough. We don't suppose for a moment the public will respond, for, unless our memory is at fault, there have been hotel speculations in Scarborough

before which are probably not quite forgotten by those who lost their money in them. We never read a more unsatisfactory document than this prospectus, and the accountants' certificate as to the profits is exactly calculated to confirm our suspicions as to the undesirable nature of the investment. The hotels to be taken over have never kept accounts so as to enable a profit and loss account to be made out; but, assuming the usual hotel profits on the gross business done, the accountants think £13,000 a-year may be accepted as the net profits likely to be made! Was ever anything so thin, even when backed by a certificate signed by Mr. G. P. Bertini, late manager of the Hotel Cecil? Nobody but a fool would subscribe a shilling on such a statement of facts.

Saturday, Feb. 26, 1898.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WEEKLY SUBSCRIBER.—The shares are of no market value, and have not been for years.

SANDOW.—We really cannot fill this column with a mass of figures which you can get by looking at the various companies in the "Stock Exchange Year-Book." As to our opinion about a purchase of shares, we should say Nos. 1 and 2 were fair speculations, but No. 3 comes from a bad stable and is better left alone.

A. H. P.—Consult a solicitor; the matter is a purely legal one, and this is not the place to discuss the effect of the Married Woman's Property Act, even if we knew enough about it to advise you, which, by-the-by, we do not.

BARNUM.—The company is a good one, the Board most respectable, and the business for many years has been flourishing. Whether it is wise to buy Industrial Ordinary shares to pay less than $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is doubtful, and you must use your own judgment on such a point.

H. B.—(1) We are inclined to think the Deferred shares are a fair speculation, but would rather buy the Ordinary, in the price of which there is room for a good rise. (2) Try London and South-Western Railway Deferred.

CAREFUL.—If your nom-de-guerre is suggestive of the nature of the investment you want, we hardly think Mexican Central Four per Cent. Bonds are the thing, but as a speculative investment they have merits. Mexico is progressive, the traffics are improving slowly, and there is a fund of over three million dollars to secure the principal and interest of these bonds, in addition to the net revenue.

S. H. R.—If you make a contract for payment in England in English money, it will make no difference to you whether the States put their coinage on a silver basis or not. We really know nothing of the German company.

VERA.—As cycle shares go, your list is not a bad one, and, if you are prepared to run some risk for a high rate of interest, the gamble you propose is all right. We doubt No. 1, and should substitute J. B. Brooks and Co., Limited.

INFELICE.—(1) Write to the secretary and ask when the share certificates will be ready. Hold Associated Southern for the present. (2) There is no liability on the Development shares, but the value of the company's land is very doubtful. (3) We can hear nothing encouraging of this in the market.

C. J. W.—(1) If they were to go to the price you name, we should think the bottom had come out. Very doubtful if they would be worth buying then. We object to giving opinions on hypothetical prices which may come to pass when circumstances are quite different to what they are now. (2) Not bad, as long as you realise the speculative element. (3) Very likely to go lower. We prefer Ivanhoe. (4) No. (5) Yes, we think well of them.

F. C. P.—(1 and 2) We will make inquiries. (3) We hear that the bulk of the oxidised ore is used up, and that smelting, or some such treatment, will be required for the extraction of gold in the future. (4) The Bottomley group, of which this company is a member, are all on the up-grade. We should hold for about $1\frac{1}{2}$, not that we think the shares are worth so much, but because of the proposed amalgamation. (5) Write to the Robinson Bank, who, we think, act as agents for this company, and ask when the dividend will be paid in England.

P. M.—(1) We have no special information except that the underwriters got very heavily "stuck," and this, no doubt, accounts for the drop. (2) They are both too high, but the second is likely to go higher. (3) We never heard of them until the other day, when they tried to issue some American Railway bonds, which we heard did not go.

CUMBRIA.—(1) The dividend was one dollar. (2) The net increase over last year is 2,328,300 dollars. (3) The net increase here is 302,587 dollars. The market does not expect any increase in the case of No. 2, but that 2 per cent. will be paid for the half year in the case of No. 3.

Among other new ventures, the public will, we understand, be shortly asked to subscribe to a company called Oxine, Limited, a company formed to worked a preparation of that name. This is not, as the name seems to suggest, a new extract of beef on the lines of Bovril and Liebig, being of somewhat different character. It is said to be "made from the prime Ox Beef and the best and freshest vegetables, so combined and prepared that all the tannin and indigestible fibre of the vegetables are excluded, resulting in a product containing all the stimulating qualities derived from Extractives of Beef, and at the same time really possessing the various physiological constituents essential in a food of the highest nutritive value, extremely palatable, and most easy of digestion." The public seems to be taking the various extracts of beef in greatly increased quantities, so we suppose there will be demand for Oxine also. We await the prospectus before saying anything further.